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EDITORIAL

Try again

Congress can't deny immigrants welfare

Lawmakers in Congress are considering cutting welfare benefits to immigrants to make them more available to Americans — but their method of pursuing that goal is wrong. The Associated Press reported that moderate and conservative Democrats are joining 162 House Republicans in supporting a plan to raise more than \$21 billion by denying welfare to the increasing number of immigrants receiving aid.

The money would be used to provide education, training, day care and work for single mothers at risk of long-term welfare dependency.

The Congress is addressing an important issue. The United States needs more programs to stop the vicious cycle of welfare dependency. If we can provide people with skills and jobs instead of handouts, the United States will benefit.

But robbing Peter to pay Paul will not work. Taking money from legitimate immigrants to this country to help other poor people is a flawed idea.

The United States, as everyone knows, was founded by immigrants. Almost everyone in this country has relative that came from somewhere other than here.

We cannot strengthen this country by weakening people who have come here to find a better life. Any immigrants who are receiving aid illegally — one of the chief concerns of lawmakers — should have their welfare benefits revoked. But we should not turn our back on immigrants who truly need help.

We do need new programs to fight welfare dependence — for Americans and immigrants. But Congress should have the courage and resourcefulness to raise the revenue for those programs from a source other than people who are poor but not American citizens.

South African pain

All-race election should unite, not divide

After years of conflict, South Africa is preparing for its first all-race election.

This election has already been tainted by the blood of the country's people. The nation's leading black group, the African National Congress, supports the election and is expected to dominate the first post-apartheid government.

But Zulu nationalists fear they will lose their autonomy if ANC leaders incorporate homelands founded under apartheid into South Africa.

After a Zulu march in Johannesburg Monday, 53 people died, including nine Zulus outside of ANC headquarters.

Zulu leaders now refuse to meet with ANC and government representatives.

Buthelezi, leader of the Zulu-based Inkatha Freedom Party, described the bloodshed as "a final struggle to the finish between the ANC and the Zulu nation."

The black people of South Africa have long been persecuted and discriminated against by their own government. An all-race election will allow them for the first time to control their own lives.

Zulu leaders should attend a summit with other South African leaders. Silence could lead to more violence. And unless the matter is resolved before the April 26-28 election, the event could become a blood bath in some areas.

An all-race election should unite the South African people. It should not be a cause of further strife and misery.

EDITORIAL POLICY

Staff editorials represent the official policy of the Spring 1994 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.



DEB MCADAMS

My new semester's resolutions

Something about school is addictive. Maybe it's a feeling of satisfaction from accomplishing a goal. Maybe it's the intellectual high of enlightenment. I suspect it's stomach acid leaching into the brain cavity. Whatever it is, each semester I find myself repeating the same behavior that made me sociopathic during the previous one.

I started this semester the same way I've started school since I was 5 years old. I got excited. I looked forward to reading my new, big books. I was ready to use my expanded collection of colored pens. I was flossed, fluffed and tucked, and I exhibited excellent posture. I was polite, quiet and attentive. I was an ideal student. Then I left the house.

Getting to campus was the first obstacle. Lots of new semester enthusiasm has been left in the parking lots. The Reunion lot looked like a death scene from "Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom." Cars slowly circled like vultures waiting for someone to leave, then pounced on the abandoned space. Because I drive a big, rusty, Ford truck that screams "dent me, I like it," the parking lot never robs me of my optimism.

I threw my Scotch-guarded backpack over my shoulder and headed for class. I carried my schedule with me so I wouldn't forget where I was going, wander back to the Ford, and drive to a subtropical zone where people my own age were discussing their gallstones.

Unable to lose my schedule, I went to my first class and had to do as many sit-ups as I could within a minute. Sit-ups after the holidays aren't pretty. In my next class, the instructor didn't speak any English, which I thought was fair because I didn't speak any Spanish. Another class required a list of materials that guaranteed the comfort of the Eastman-Kodaks into the



I carried my schedule with me so I wouldn't forget where I was going, wander back to the Ford and drive to a subtropical zone where people my own age were discussing their gallstones.

23rd century.

Still, it was a new semester, and I was enthusiastic. Then again, maybe the Christmas candy hadn't left my bloodstream.

For some unknown reason, I had decided to carry 14 credit hours and work four jobs. I suspect it's because of the same impulse that kicks in when my brand of toilet paper goes on sale. I'm compelled to buy enough toilet paper for a chili feed because "it's such a good deal." I kept taking on more obligations because they sounded like a good deal.

Four weeks into the semester and obligated up to my nostrils, my posture became impaired from carrying various poundages of books that seemed to induce coma each time I opened one. I lost track of deadlines because I couldn't find the color of pen I used to write down assignments. I felt a vague urge to run a cash register at a Texaco in a subtropical zone.

Eight weeks into the semester, I looked like Neanderthal gal. Combing my hair seemed like a waste of time. The gravel that migrated from the sidewalk into my shoes every day was giving me violent thoughts. I had all the enthusiasm of a dead carp except for when I periodically ranted about giving it all up for a double-wide trailer, a drunk man and several psychotic kids.

Finally, spring break arrived and I spontaneously turned into an invert-

brate. My boyfriend and I wandered to a subtropical zone, where I used all of my mental capacity to decide what to eat next. Most of my physical endurance went into holding up a wineglass long enough for my beloved to see that it was empty. One night, I actually sat through most of "Body of Evidence," a sure sign of brain death.

The only thing I did with surprising swiftness was adjust to a state of complete inactivity. Even rolling over on the beach required too much exertion, so we simply laid there and got fried on one side. It made for a delightful evening of sticking to the sheets.

Suddenly it was over, as if it never really happened, except for the peeling skin. Back to the early mornings, the late nights and the deadlines that make me so enchanting to be around.

I may have fallen behind this semester, but it won't happen again. Next semester will be different. I'll buy my textbooks this summer and read them in my spare time. I'll jog to school every day and avoid the dangers of parking. I'll arrange a realistic work schedule, and I may even try to do my homework before I fall asleep for a change. I'll resuscitate my GPA next semester, unless I happen to lose my schedule, become confused and wander off to some distant subtropical zone. One can only hope.

McAdams is a junior news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Catholic truth

The editor's note leading into Edmund Roche-Kelly's guest opinion (DN, March 17, 1994) is not true. The piece is not about "changes in sexuality and law in Ireland" but is rather a spiteful and malicious diatribe against the Catholic Church on the feast day of one of the greatest saints in salvation history. It's also an example of misinformation masquerading as journalism to promote free sex as "love" and vice versa.

Besides spreading prejudice and hate, the article hails the condom as savior of us all and champion at stopping the human immunodeficiency virus. Never mind that its failure rate at stopping pregnancy is one in five,

that its smallest hole is 10 times the size of the HIV virus or that the Center for Disease Control reported in August that leakage of HIV-sized particles was detected in 33 percent of condoms tested. However, inclinations to worship condoms despite this evidence can be expected from those who believe sex to be better than anything on earth or in heaven.

It is the belief that nothing is better than God that requires priests to be celibate. The rest of us should learn from their example and realize that when we elevate sex above God, misery is our destiny in this life and the next. Despite the "fruits" of free sex (AIDS, sexually transmitted diseases, unwanted pregnancies, abortion, broken lives, broken hearts), many of us are determined to believe, along with

Roche-Kelly, that destructive sexual self-gratification somehow is "love."

No, the true act of love is the Catholic Church's courageous stands on sex, marriage, contraception and abortion. While some are angered by the church's refusal to waver on these issues, others are realizing the Catholic Church is teaching the truth.

Of course, it all comes to an individual decision on sexual matters. It is your call. You can put your faith in a piece of latex or in the Catholic Church, which hasn't failed to promote the teachings of Christ in the nearly two thousand years since He walked the face of the earth.

Steve Hotovy
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