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EDITORIAL

## Ticket trouble

ASUN should respond to \$17 price hike

The athletic department has again demonstrated its disregard for student interests and needs. Last week, the department announced that students would have to pay \$73, \$17 more than last year, for football season tickets.

This comes a year after its decision to move students to poorer seats at football games.

The athletic department is a part of this university, not an independent fund-raising entity.

The University of Nebraska-Lincoln exists to serve students. Yet, time and again the athletic department has made its decisions with dollar signs, not students, in mind.

Gary Fouraker, assistant athletic director for business, said marketing surveys had shown that about the same number of students would still buy tickets at a higher price.

Just because the athletic department can rip students off without losing money doesn't mean they should.

But students don't have to just sit in their bad seats and let the athletic department do as it will.

Although nothing can be done about this year's price hike, students can make a difference next year if they let their voice be heard. If the athletic department knows that students care and will let their displeasure be heard and felt, they may not be so hasty in their decisions.

Association of Students of the University of Nebraska President Andrew Loudon said students would not be ignored in future athletic department decisions. The student body should make Loudon live up to this statement.

## Money matters

Health care reform needs to show cost

Sen. Bob Kerrey, D-Neb., spent Monday in Lincoln with people involved in public health nursing. During his tour, he summed up the most important issue involved with reforming health care in the United States.

"You still, bottom line, get down to the question: How are you going to pay for it?" Kerrey said.

Too often in the health care debate we hear about HMOs, single-payer plans, health care providers and other medical terms that aren't explained. Too rarely do we hear politicians willing to discuss the bottom line of how much health care is going to cost and who is going to pay for it.

Bill and Hillary Clinton have done admirable work pushing to provide health care for all Americans. The Clinton administration has rightly made this a national issue. But to keep alive the Clintons' hope of universal coverage for all Americans, they need to explain more clearly how it will be paid for.

It may seem heartless to discuss money when we are talking about health and well-being. But it would be irresponsible for this country to adopt a health care plan without first knowing how it will pay for the plan.

Health care is such a complex issue that few people probably understand it completely. But before this country goes down the road of government-mandated health care, we should demand a clear explanation of how reforms will work and how they will be financed.

No one has done that yet. Until someone can, health care reform should be put on hold.

EDITORIAL POLICY

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PAULA LAVIGNE

## Easter brings trip to bathroom

There I was again, ducking flying objects and diving into the bathroom—the only safe haven because it had a door that locked. Maybe throwing a globe at my brother's head wasn't the most intellectual thing I've ever done, but it felt like justice to me.

This wasn't the first time I'd felt my siblings' wrath. I can remember countless instances when I was pinned underneath a 200-pound male who was tickling me past the point of CPR recovery. My mother would walk by, mutter something like "Leave your sister alone," and leave. One of my three brothers would pause to readjust his grip and give me a taste of carpet cleaner I'd never forget.

Oh, did I forget to mention the time they left me, an innocent two-year-old, abandoned in a cabin in Colorado, or the time they lured my dog into the swimming pool with a Zesta cracker?

Growing up, I was involuntarily stuck in one of the worst situations an American female could be. I was the tail end of the family and the sole female, with three older brothers to make my life a laugh riot for all too many years.

They were much older and much stronger than me, which made for an interesting time when one of them tried to teach me how to box. I ended up, again, in the bathroom.

So, over the years, I learned how to stay out of their way and play with my little imaginary friends who were much nicer and weaker than my brothers. For a long time, I was an only child and the existence of three elder siblings was like a Greek myth.

Aside from the fact that one of them believed he was Zeus or something, they remained a myth. By the time I was in high school, all three had graduated from college.

Even though I groan about the torment they put me through, I don't think I received the full brunt of the sibling experience. I mean, I have a friend who lives with all her brothers.

A trip to their house is like a trip to the Koresh family reunion. Premeditated



For a long time, my brothers didn't think of me as equal. It was more like I was just another family pet. Our German shepherd generated more respect than me.

murder, larceny, assault and battery—you name it, she's contemplated it.

Do I dare say I missed sibling rivalry? Well, yeah, just a little. I didn't miss the rivalry, but I did miss the siblings.

Being a genetic "accident," I was nine years younger than my youngest brother and, of course, female. People even mistook my oldest brother as my father. This eliminates the mutual friends, hand-me-downs and family vacation battles normal siblings have.

For a long time, my brothers didn't think of me as equal. It was more like I was just another family pet. Our German shepherd generated more respect than me.

I had nothing in common with them. Growing up, our only shared experiences were a doll and "Holly Hog."

There was this "life-sized" doll with a red dress and eyes that would close if you put her on her back. Well, we would alternate turns taking the doll, placing some sort of weapon in her hand whether it be a kitchen knife or a razor blade, and putting it in somebody's bed. We'd wait up until the unlucky sibling got home to find this possessed doll waiting up for him. Wait, it gets better.

Holly Hog derived from a low-fat eggnog product. The package, which of course was supposed to read "Holly Nog," was misprinted and read "Holly Hog," so we stuck a pig nose and tail on it, and it became one of those "you really had to be there" moments.

During my "formative" years, these were about the only things we talked about aside from my mother's zany

mowing fixation. Then, as things usually do, our relationship changed.

I've heard stories of siblings growing apart as they got older, educated and employed. Well, in my case as it usually goes, the reverse was true.

My brothers finally realized that girl who kept sending them birthday and Christmas cards wasn't the Avon lady. She was their blood relative, and she didn't drool and gurgle anymore.

I picked up the phone one day and had a revelation. My brother and I actually had a conversation about something more serious than "What time is Mom having dinner?" or "Is it cold out there?"

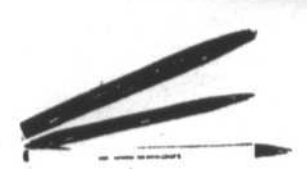
We talked about personality traits, politics, relationships and all that fun stuff for more than 30 seconds.

And, for the first time in ages, I stopped telling everyone I was adopted. We reached a point of mutual intelligence, but this didn't mean we all became squares and stopped acting like little brats. Although we were a bit closer, we were still just as likely to tear each other's throats out.

"Yeah, well at least I can hold a relationship longer than a preseason football game," I yelled at my brother during Easter Sunday brunch. Bagel in hand, I was determining the trajectory it would take to clock him square in the head.

Looking at me with a piece of pineapple dangling out of his mouth, he just smiled and nodded. He's going to kill me now. Off to the bathroom, once again.

Lavigne is a freshman 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 68588-0488, or stop by the office in the basement of the Nebraska Union and visit us. We're all ears, so pick up a pen and write.