

OPINION

Wednesday, February 21, 1996

Page 4

Daily
Nebraskan
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Bret Gottschall/DN

Money talks

Campaign becomes more than ideas

As of Tuesday evening, columnist Pat Buchanan began receiving Secret Service protection.

President Buchanan he is not. Presidential candidate Buchanan he certainly is, heading what has become a cramped field for the Republican nomination.

A slim Buchanan victory in the New Hampshire primary gives the former Nixon and Reagan staffer needed momentum for the road to the San Diego convention. But what will vault Buchanan over the top or allow another candidate to break his momentum, sadly enough, will be money.

Buchanan's fragile win has created a three-way dog-fight between himself, Senate majority leader Bob Dole and former Tennessee governor Lamar Alexander. Buchanan garnered 27 percent of the Granite State vote, while Dole and Alexander were close behind with 26 and 23 percent, respectively.

Buchanan, Dole and Alexander were able to take their messages directly to voters in Iowa and New Hampshire. But as the next primaries come fast and furious, candidates will not be able to deliver that kind of personal touch.

Dole's second-place finish could be a fatal blow to his campaign. Once a clear-cut front runner, he is losing the race of ideas. But the Kansas senator still has a firm lead in the race for money.

Dole began February with \$4.8 million in the bank, compared to \$425,000 for Alexander and only \$101,192 for Buchanan. And Dole's nationwide political organization serves to give him an even greater advantage.

Strong showings by Buchanan and Alexander will help them raise funds, but they are handicapped by a lack of time. Many states have moved their primaries up, giving candidates less time not only to spread their ideas from state-to-state but to round up money. This could give the well-known, well-financed Dole a big boost.

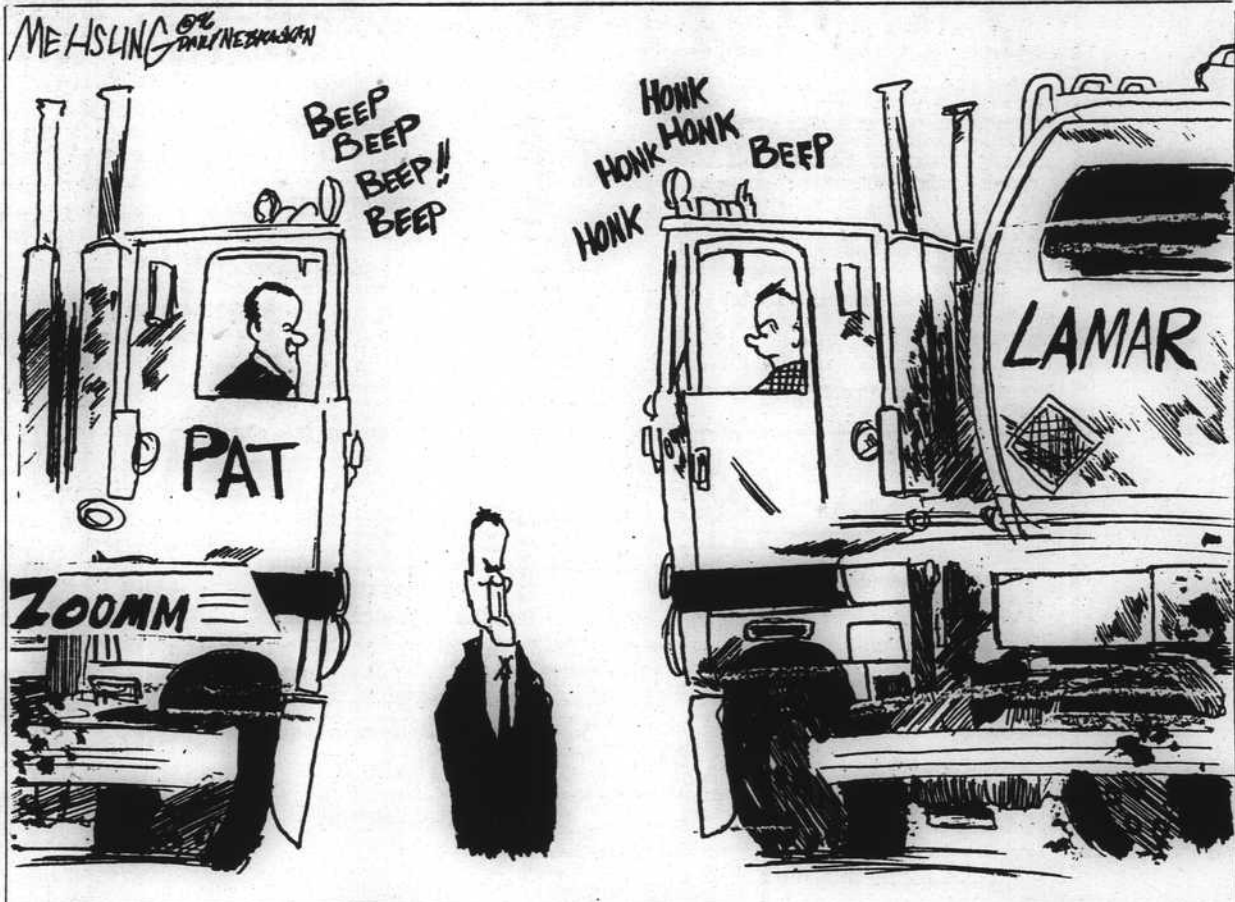
Sadly, the Republican presidential campaign now becomes not only a war of conservative ideas, but a war of money.

Editorial policy

Staff editorials represent the official policy of the Spring 1996 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: Daily Nebraskan, 34 Nebraska Union, 1400 R St. Lincoln, Neb. 68588-0448.



James Mehsling/DN

One man's words

U.S. intervention worth saving thousands

TUZLA, Bosnia-Herzegovina — I had been there only a little more than a day and already I had been overwhelmed.

Overwhelmed with sorrow, overwhelmed with guilt, overwhelmed with disgust.

It was Friday, Feb. 9, coming up on 5:45 p.m. in Tuzla. In Lincoln, it was 10:45 a.m.; I was missing Spanish class.

For Americans, it was the end of the work week. It was time to party. University of Nebraska-Lincoln students would be heading to the bars and to the parties in droves in just hours.

I spent that Friday in a refugee camp for the crippled and the old. I saw filth and suffering that would make Americans sick. These people live there every day.

Every day for the last four to six years.

Amid dirty floors, bed pans that had not been changed in many hours, a stench that made your stomach turn and people in every state of suffering imaginable — this was how I spent that day.

As I wrote this, I sat in my 1,000 Deutsche Mark-per-week flat that a large family would normally live in, a flat that is freezing cold, with little heat, and with water for only three hours a day — and this was considered very nice.

I felt guilty.

GUILTY to be the American I was. Ignorant and, for some goddamned reason, I was proud of it.

The good old American spirit of Not In My Back Yard was the way I used to think. I figured if it did not affect me, my community or my state, then I didn't need to care.

Not anymore. Not after that day. That day, I realized I am not just an American and proud to be one, I am a human being — just like the other five billion human beings on this planet.

The whole debate over whether or not we should send troops here to defend the peace in Bosnia would end quickly if everyone who wants to keep our soldiers home would talk to Halid Hodzic.

He is a Muslim survivor of "ethnic cleansing." He does not breathe well because of massive internal injuries from beatings he sustained at the hands of Serbs.

He was forced to watch 43 young



Matthew Waite

"The whole debate over whether or not we should send troops here to defend the peace in Bosnia would end quickly if everyone who wants to keep our soldiers home would talk to Halid Hodzic."

men, including his son-in-law, have their throats cut because they were Muslim and of fighting age.

Halid is blind in one eye because he had firecrackers put there as a means of torture. He also had firecrackers put in his mouth, burning it so he couldn't eat.

He weeps when he thinks about the camp he was in, about the beatings he went through and about the 43 men he saw killed.

And he is one of thousands. Many more were not so lucky and were killed because they were Muslim.

As his mother sat next to him crying, he thanked me and Staci McKee, the Daily Nebraskan photo chief, for coming to Bosnia to listen to his story. He thanked us for sending the troops, as if we had something to do with it.

His mother also thanked us for the troops, saying that hopefully the troops would free her home in a small village outside of Srebrenica.

She asked me if they would. I said through an interpreter that only if the politicians told the soldiers to free her house would they do it.

She understood. Halid begged me to tell the world

his story because the world needed to know it.

He is no special man. He is a common shop keeper.

But he is a human being, just like me and you and everyone else on this planet. And he has endured suffering as no other person ever should have to endure.

He and his two daughters survived. His son-in-laws did not. Many others did not.

If American troops keep shells from falling, keep innocent people from dying needlessly, keep war from breaking out between ethnic groups, then I believe with all my heart that they should be here.

I spent time at the U.S. base here in Tuzla. For the soldiers, when it is not miserable and cold, it is really boring because there is nothing to do.

When I was interviewing a guy from Nebraska who was with the artillery branch on the base, his whole squad gathered around to listen as if it was story time. They had nothing else better to do; we were free entertainment.

The soldiers are kept on base. They are not allowed to go into Tuzla on their free time. They are stuck in tents and drafty buildings with a couple of televisions.

Their presence alone, however, has kept everyone on their best behavior. No shells, no snipers in Tuzla, the heart of the American operation, and no more genocide.

Some soldiers have been injured or killed while here in Bosnia. But the death and several of the injuries could have been avoided — accidents and mistakes.

One soldier asked me, off the record, if one American life was worth this place. He said no, and I didn't answer.

Now I know. Is one American life worth thousands upon thousands of others? You do the math.

And if you still say no, I would like you to meet my friend Halid.

Waite is a junior news-editorial major and a Daily Nebraskan associate news editor.

Editor's note: A complete account of Halid Hodzic's story will appear in tomorrow's Daily Nebraskan, as Matthew Waite's account of his time in Tuzla continues.