



KLAUS MARRE is a senior broadcasting major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

This week in one of my classes we talked about values and beliefs. During the discussion, almost matter-of-factly, my teacher said we all value human life.

I disagreed then and did some thinking, and guess what? Now I disagree even more.

Sure, it is one of the Ten Commandments, and our penal codes will have to say a thing or two about murder, manslaughter and whatnot, but, in general, I think we don't value human life all that highly.

Granted, our own lives are important to us, as well as the lives and well-being of those around us, but honestly, who gives a damn about the hundreds of thousands of children dying somewhere on this planet every day?

I would be interested to hear from anybody who does. I believe

that one of the ways to measure society's values toward life is the polls which indicate Americans favor military action against Iraq. People are going to die if the United States and its allies attack. Does anybody care?

I wonder. Many of those people who approve a "swift airstrike" are the same hard-core Republicans who say killing babies is murder. Call me insane, but I think innocent Iraqis, many of whom don't know jack about the United States or the Gulf conflict, have the same right to live as unborn babies. Who are we as a society to deny them this right?

War is not the cute images of buildings being blown up by smart bombs, but rather it brings pain and suffering to the people whose country the war is being fought in.

I found it very ironic when a "pro-life" activist blew up an abortion clinic and killed a guy. That just does not sound very pro-life to me. I don't even want to touch the whole abortion thing, but if certain

people say they value unborn life or babies so highly, how come they are not doing anything for starving kids in Africa?

The answers would have to be that we, in general, just don't care about starving children in Africa. I believe we don't even want to know about it. In our nightly news we want to see pictures of hippos in the Omaha zoo and not images of children that could come straight from a concentration camp.

I remember the buzz about Ryan White, the kid who was infected with HIV when he got a blood transfusion. He got money, gifts and visits from celebrities such as Michael Jackson (although I'm not sure how much of a treat that was for a boy his age) and Elton John.

What about all the children who are infected with AIDS in Thailand — little girls having to earn their keep as prostitutes? Do we care? Nope. Could some of them have been helped with all the cash that Ryan White got? Most likely. So why didn't it happen?

Admittedly his situation was tragic and unfortunate, but I find it far more horrible to imagine that some randy tourist is sleeping with a 12-year-old right now, while you are reading this, leaving her with \$2 and a deadly virus.

I think we only value the lives of people who are connected to us in one way or another. Take the airplane crash in Taipei, for example. In the news it was reported that more than 200 people died, at least four of them American. What's the difference whether they were Taiwanese, Russian, American or Martian (although the latter would be somewhat remarkable)?

Do American lives count more than others? Does the life of an unborn baby count more than the life of an off-duty security guard?

These are questions people have to answer for themselves.

Personally, I'd like to believe that I care more than many, but after taking a long, hard look at myself I found I'm just not doing enough about it. The McDonald's fries and

half-finished burgers I throw away every year could probably save entire tribes from starvation.

Normally I don't even want to think about this because after the above mentioned "long, hard look," I stand there like the biggest ass. My answers just do not seem satisfactory; they don't add up to a picture I could be proud of.

They have these commercials on TV asking people to sponsor a child for \$20 or so. Many people probably switch the channel when it comes on to not feel guilty or sad. If every student would give a dollar a month and professors a couple more, the university could easily save a couple thousand children.

More than likely nobody will take this column as an inspiration to adopt a child or to do anything else for people who we typically don't care about.

And that might be the most frustrating thing of all — knowing there is pain and suffering out there, having the means to stop a tiny part of it and still not doing so.



MALCOLM KASS is a senior chemical engineering major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

Can this university come together?

Please?
Pretty please?

Can the leaders of this student body become one voice to help our needful youth — the pre-college youth who need guidance from the torments of the world that only an experienced collegian can provide. Shouldn't this university navigate our lost, fragile adolescent leaders of tomorrow? Shouldn't we care?

In the hell that is love and camaraderie, a young, bright 14-year-old eighth grader named Jarod needs the hearts of students. Jarod's cry for help was heard when he called the KRNU weekly radio program, "Three Men and a German" on Monday, seeking knowledge and compassion from his older, wiser counterparts of this world.

His moving words not only melted the hearts of the hosts of the show, but also touched the hearts of the emotional, spirited columnist writing you today. Jarod's words reminded me of when I was an eighth grader. I was full of infatuation and love struck with the post-secondary elders from my hometown. Since I was never provided the opportunity to act upon my impulses, I became heartbroken and repressed by those hurtful memories of my 13th year of existence.

Thirteen ... ironic, huh?

I vowed to eliminate those scenarios that I had faced and Jarod is facing currently. I needed to do something.

To relieve Jarod's aching soul, the Three Men and a German and I decided, as stated by the broadcasting star Jay Gish, "to unite as trash journalists" to alleviate this young man's burden. So we are calling out to the university, especially our sisters: Who will participate in ONE date with young Jarod? Who among you will end this time-ridden evil and reinstall a lost pride in our fine school?

Since, this is a true test of the leadership of our university, the Association of Students of the

University of Nebraska should have an intricate role in aiding this opprobrious adolescent, I can think of no better representation of our student body in this time of crisis than the candidates for the upcoming student body election.

With Sara Russell of the COMMIT party and — even though I am only fairly certain that John Weichmann of the VISION party is a man — his First Vice Presidential Nominee Jill Maaske should raise the flag of all that is just and right. This should be a governmental contest before the governmental contest, a battle in which prospective student leaders will win the hearts of our fine campus, and most of all, little Jarod.

I implore these candidates to participate in such a noble event, for we lowly common students merely need our Panem et circenses. Please, gods of the governing process, amuse us and let us believe in our government again. Let us believe that our government is more than just legislative writing and fighting for the student beliefs of liberty and happiness.

Sara and Jill, please show ASUN's side of compassion and inspire us so that we may follow in your footsteps and help our future University of Nebraska colleagues.

This will simply be a date, a night of hunger-elimination, visual merriment and nothing more. It will be completely subsidized by the hosts of Three Men and a German and myself, on a Friday or Saturday before the March 11 election.

I ask Ms. Russell and Ms. Maaske to charm young Jarod with dinner and a movie of his liking — together. This mild show of companionship demonstrates our leaders' willingness to say, "We care."

Sara and Jill may be thinking, "What can one date do? Two students of a university of 22,000 cannot make an impression for the state of Nebraska."

However, this

meager act is vital for the continued life of our university.

Any outward sign will be noticed by the striplings of Nebraska as an attempt from the university to not only increase their academic integrity but help their emotional lives as well. Since this state provides numerous attendees and benefits for the university, don't you think it is time for UNL to give something back?

I beg Sara and Jill of COMMIT and VISION to please release themselves of their current political warfare and demonstrate a joint effort to unite our campus, to make this divided school of learning become one. I ask you not to view this idea as burdensome and

worthless (like Canada) but as an opportunity.

I do not know Sara Russell and Jill Maaske personally, but I swear as a member of mankind to contact these two pillars of power, to make this memorable date come to life.

Please
Sara
and
Jill,

we all remember the hurtful, uncaring years of eighth grade. We should ... no, we need to be the generation that puts a halt to this episode of hell and says in a collective voice, "It is OK for a college junior to have a pleasant, innocent evening with someone who is six or seven years our junior."

All this student body asks is an evening — an evening with tomorrow's leaders of America. Sara and Jill, if not for us students, for the children, and if not for the children, for Harry Caray.

God bless that man.



ROBB BLUM/DN

The dating game

Candidates urged to take out eighth grader