

No guts, no glory

U.N. should fend for itself against Iraq



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The hot winds of war were blowing harder this week in the world's center of conflict — the Middle East.

Once again, as President Bill Clinton noted, Saddam Hussein has pushed the world to the brink of war, only to retract with a paltry statement of truce.

Once again, Saddam has made a doormat of the United States. And once again, the United Nations has allowed Iraq to get away with it all.

Recall correctly that in August, America launched cruise missiles at suspected terrorist sites in Sudan and Afghanistan.

Recall that President Clinton said

the United States would remain vigilant in its new war with terrorism. Recall that he also said such air strikes would become the weapon of choice and would be used often to combat perceived threats against America or innocents abroad.

Forward to November.

The burning factories in Sudan and the subsequent witch hunt for Osama bin Laden are a memory now.

The farce that launched a pseudo-war provided just enough cover so that America could make a triumphal entrance into world affairs and front an idea that this nation was going after hard-line terrorists and dictators.

As a nation, we had done the right thing, and we held fast to that idea. We had revenged the deaths at our embassies and sent a clear and deliberate message to the world's terrorist factions. What was more, we weren't about to stop at Sudan and Afghanistan.

But here we are, four months later, slapped in the face by an old enemy as he hands us an apology letter that the White House says is unacceptable.

Like most of America's modern foreign policy snafus, the United States is going to knowingly fall for

this rotten ploy again. Saddam is going to come back, and in another four to six months, we'll be back in the White House press room with angry words and red faces.

America will never get anything accomplished in the way of harmony and peace in the Middle East. The United Nations can do all the weapons inspection it wants — the end result will always fall in the favor of Saddam and Iraq.

The Middle East appears as a breeding ground for the lunatic fringe.

It is unfortunate that a few people must speak for an entire region. While warring Middle Easterners are extremists for military action, there is no doubt that peaceable Middle Easterners are extremists for peace.

The Middle East is generally viewed as a dangerous place led by dangerous, conniving men who have little to no regard for human life and have less respect for institutions that seek a more peaceful world for everyone.

Oil production in the Middle East is the leverage they use to randomly wreak havoc and toy with the more powerful nations of the world.

While the United States must pro-

tect its fuel interests, perhaps it is time to allow a foundering United Nations to step up to the forefront and become more than just a symbolic keeper of peace and unity.

The peaceful peoples of the Middle East look to Western nations to come to their aid, but nothing is ever accomplished, because the United Nations continues to give men such as Saddam the benefit of the doubt.

For Western nations such as the United States and the United Kingdom, the fight in Iraq may as well have been over after the Gulf War.

At that point, the United Nations interceded, and all rights of the victors were suspended while the United Nations proceeded on an extensive fact-finding mission of its own.

But that mission has uncovered only a small part of the complex network that Saddam has constructed. The hunt has been interrupted continually by threats from the Iraqis, and the United Nations refuses to stand up to Saddam's bully pulpit.

The United States and the United Kingdom respect the stance of the United Nations, but now, it's about time for the Western world to turn.

It's time for the West to get out of the Middle East. It's time to let the United Nations fend for itself in its dealings with Iraq.

America, though it has definite business in Iraq, should concede power to the United Nations and absolve itself from all following crises in that region.

Essentially, if the United States is not allowed to have a stronger voice or act more sternly toward Iraq, then we should drop our interests altogether.

Already, too much blood has been shed over the Middle East, too much time and money have been wasted.

It's frightening for the United States and the rest of the world to put trust in the United Nations, knowing the passive history of the institution. However, the time has come to wait for a direct threat to motivate the United States into an all-out fight in the Middle East — not just a war on terrorism, though that is Saddam's forte.

If America cannot have a more active role in weapons inspection and dealing with the ultimate fate of Iraq and its murderous leader, then it's time to let the United Nations have all the glory — if it can handle it.

Bless the press

Have you hugged your favorite DN employee today?



TODD MUNSON is a senior broadcasting major and a Daily Nebraskan columnist.

Two days ago, I purchased something I hoped I would never have to.

(Don't worry, Mom, it wasn't a home pregnancy kit or lice shampoo.)

I bought a simple day planner. That's right, you silly little monkeys, I bought a

day planner in hopes of organizing the cluttered mess my life has become. For years, I'd thrown stones from my plannerless glass house at those pitiful souls who had to jot down every moment of their lives in their dumb books.

Until the aforementioned couple days ago, I went by this philosophy: If I can't remember it, it must not be important.

Well, old age has been getting the best of me, and to all those planner-toting folks I've ever mocked, poke my mug shot's eyes out right now.

I'm sure to the planner junkies out there I bought the amateur model, but it suits my needs just fine. Heck, it even has all these odd holidays listed on the calendar. However, I noticed two things wrong; November is a lame holiday month except for Turkey Day, and there is no holiday honoring the student journalists who

publish the Daily Nebraskan.

It may sound terribly egotistical to tout the virtues of the DN within the confines of the DN, but if gas station attendants and phlebotomists can get their day in the sun, then it's only fair for the next spot up in the job food chain to get a fair shake.

Hear ye, hear ye, from now until people forget, I now proclaim the third Tuesday of November to be known as Daily Nebraskan Appreciation Day or D-NAD for short.

Please keep in

do an actual job.

Allow me to give you a virtual tour of the DN without the hassle of those annoying goggles. Ready VR Troopers? Then let's go!

I'd like to say the DN is a magical place, like the local cracker factory. But it's a very plain office, with one glaring exception: Aside from a couple of full-time employees, who sign the paychecks, the DN is run entirely by students.

I'd like to fill you in on what exactly they do, but since I refuse to sell my soul to join their ranks, I have to observe from afar and can only surmise that they do advertising stuff. Hey ad reps: The DN needs more Hooters ads, or so say the scantily clad experts in the men's sauna at the rec-center.

On the other side of the hall are the design and photo people. These are the folks responsible for making the paper look all neat and pretty. The talent that's confined in that room blows my mind, like watching an Olsen twins movie.

(Quick prediction: By their 19th birthday, Ashley and

mon for people to spend the better part of a day working to make sure their stories are complete and factually sound. These student journalists write the news that broadcasting students copy.

The copy editors also share this space. They're the vernacularly gifted who make me seem like I know how to spell and make sure the paper is error-free.

I'd also like to mention that a significant portion of DN employees usually finish their workday around 2 a.m. every school night — not too conducive to an active social life.

Every day, your fellow students publish a newspaper for your enjoyment for only a \$1.15 a semester. (\$1.15 for you, unless you apply for a refund. DN employees make about two bucks an hour, on the average.) Come down here sometime and witness firsthand the effort your peers put into an edition of the

mind that I proclaimed today as D-NAD, not Worship Todd Day. Although I may be synonymous with the DN, little do you know I'm rarely here. Granted, I stop in for a couple minutes each day to share my latest sexually explicit joke about the elderly, but when added to the time spent actually working, I'm at the DN for just a few hours a week.

Also, as far as the hierarchy at the DN goes, I'd put myself and all the other columnists at the bottom. Compared to the other employees of the DN, I wouldn't consider what we

AMY MARTIN/DN

From my computer, the advertising people are across the hall and do their own

Mary Kate will make the move to soft porn. Mark my words.)

I about forgot to mention the art department also is housed there, thus multiplying the talent quotient by a power of four. The art on the opinion page is better than anything I ever write. Mad props to y'all.

The final stop is the editorial department, home of news, Web, sports, opinion and arts and entertainment. This is where the stories are made up by a team of specially trained chimps. Not. The effort the DN's reporters go through to write a story is incredible. It's not to uncom-

DN. Guaranteed, you'll never complain about writing a five-page term paper again. And you'll no longer feel compelled to spout off to no one in particular before class that the DN sucks.

When compared to other college newspapers around the country, the DN is like a broken vacuum — it doesn't. In fact, it's consistently one of the nation's top college newspapers.

So, to all my groupies out there, please don't send me any mail this week. Instead, mail a letter of appreciation to the staff at the DN, minus the nudie pics and perverted sexual advances — just save those till next week, Arthur.

