

Rebirth of the Iron Curtain

Dislike of communism should not affect Elian's case

The Elian Gonzales case has gone on long enough. And now we weigh in.

Our verdict: Send him back to Cuba. With his father. It's where the boy belongs. If it weren't a Communist nation, we all know quite well where he'd be. And it wouldn't be in Miami with an American flag protecting his yard out front.

This is one of the great hypocrisies of the U.S. government — the immigration policy. Any Cuban castaway has a far better chance of staying on our shores than does say, an illegal Mexican immigrant. At least in legal terms, he or she does.

Whereas hundreds of illegal immigrants from Mexico are hauled back across the border every day, a Cuban boy, whose father has every moral and legal right to him, might be separated from him for good.

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It isn't so much the boy we're looking at here, but rather the policy that says any government outside of communism is somehow possibly less substantial. To be sure, many foreigners might be able to forge a better financial existence within our borders, as they suffer from inhumane conditions within their own borders.

But the Communist label somehow makes those concerns more viable. At what point does the United States release its ideological distaste of a government that

plays out much like dictatorship with social benefits? Does it bother our leaders that such a government has been able to exist so long in Cuba?

The Gonzalez case might not even be an issue if it weren't for a U.S. trade embargo against the nation. Cuban President Fidel Castro doesn't seem as though he will ever die (though we're sure he will), but if the trade lanes were opened, it's fair to argue that Cuba may better be able to provide for its populace. And maybe Gonzalez would have both his parents.

But the blame game is another issue entirely. If the United States perpetuates a maneuver that keeps both father and son in America, so be it. It only serves to prove the superiority of our government over theirs. And we already knew that, right?

So what is the point of keeping the boy here? For a better life? A better question: Is it possible for the American leaders to see any existence other than their own as a viable option?

We seriously doubt it.

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Obermeyer's VIEW



Heroes and subs

Leaving job brings on unforgettable memories



I must choke back my tears as I let my heart speak to you today. These words could move you into racking sobs, so I would advise ya'll to grab the shirt of the person sitting next to you and blow your nose in a most discreet manner.

I'm quitting my job at the Sandwich Factory in the Haymarket, and I want a sandwich named after me.

It's sad. I've been there for almost three years, and I have worked my way up from "Crusty Bread-end Lady" to "Yummy Sandwich Connoisseur."

But I just can't take it any more. Through my years at The Factory, I have seen three football seasons come and go and more red-and-white androids passing as humans on Husker Saturdays than I can shake a beaten Tom Osborne at.

Believe me, this shouldn't be that hard a decision. I mean, isn't everyone ecstatic at the prospect of leaving his or her underpaying slave-haven milieu that is in existence only to beat down the working man?

Well, not really. First of all, I'm not exactly underpaid. I make a decent wage, and it's my choice not to accept tips. (Tips breed hate in me if I don't see someone drop coinage, so I choose not to subject myself to the mean feelings that follow stinginess.)

The topper is a free sandwich, not once a year, but every time I work. Those of you who are scoffing, coughing and choking right now have obviously never tried the delicious goodness that inhabits space betwixt two pieces of bread and invades your every pore whilst you chomp on the delectable morsel that only God could find a fault in. Free food has saved my life.

I have not only been fattened up (only later in life to be captured by the witch in the woods), but I work for a hard-working couple (Bob and Sandy Stodola) who have treated me

like the mentally inferior cousin of the illusive red-headed stepchild.

I've been through three years of Western Nebraska cracks from them whenever I did anything wrong, admonitions about my laziness for forgetting to turn off the radio and whippings because I painted the interior of the deli red in a fit of hatred because my paycheck was too high.

But there was always a good time to be had.

Above all else, they have taken care of me, and they even let me put in my 2 cents about the color of the curtains last year (I lost).

I've met some strange, sick, crazy and wonderful people on my strange, sick and crazy journey.

I've seen people who I can call friends come and go throughout my three years. I had an old friend from my first year of work named Rodney, who bought me a bottle of Jack Daniels that he said he'd leave behind the toilet for me. After I told him to "Get the hell out of my deli for buying liquor for a minor," (I was a minor at the time), he told me to "Go to hell for letting a major buy you liquor."

Some schmuck stole that bottle of JD I was keeping for a special occasion (getting wasted while watching the Food Network). I have nothing but a fading memory to remind me of Rodney and the good times we had.

Are you wiping away the tears yet?

Of course I'll never forget the home boyz and girlz who work down in the Haymarket, as well. I've never felt so much a part of any community as the one in which, if you give away free food, in turn, you will never have to pay for another espresso again. But don't tell my bosses that.

After all, I haven't quit yet. Through all this mess there has been one person whose ups and downs of life I've seen as much as he's seen mine. His name is Jeff, and he is true to the stereotypes that bind us — he exists not merely as a postal worker but a "disgruntled" postal worker.

Don't get me wrong. He's not going to shoot anybody for a couple of years (when I'm way the hell away from him), but he leads quite the poignant life. Perhaps it's only poignant to me, a 22-year-old,

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unmarried, carefree college student who enjoys listening to the tales of a 50-year-old father of two who just tries to get by.

We make an unlikely couple, but he is one of the constant icons in my life, and he tries to impart wisdom to me for my life ahead.

And for all this, folks, the only thing I ask for is a sandwich named after me. Actually, I've already tried that.

There was, once upon a time, a sandwich by the name of KEB (my initials, not an acronym for Krypton Emits Badness), but no one liked it! I tell you that this world needs to start embracing the power of cauliflower on a sandwich in a big way.

I want to name my new sandwich The Batman, after my favorite superhero in the entire world.

My sandwich will be fortified with only the best stuff on earth so the patrons can gain super-human strength while eating the breaded wonder.

So, you'd better come get the best service in the world while you can. Unless, of course, I'm working, then it will be kinda good service. Hey, I'm just not that friendly, and I hate my job. Psych!

I gotta go to work now.

Karen Brown is a senior English and film studies and Daily Nebraskan columnist.