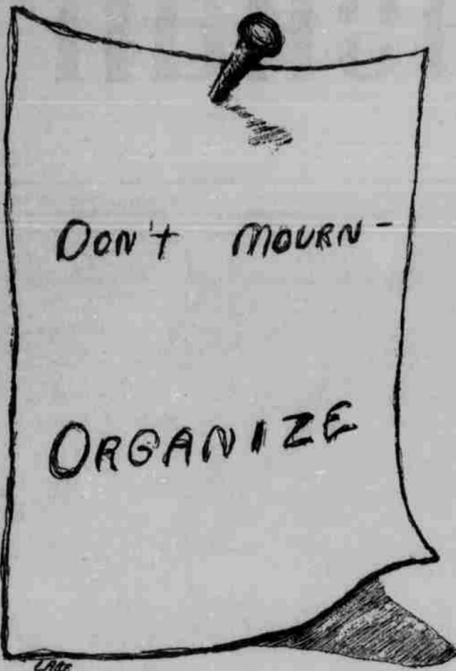


Our man Hoppe . . .

Loser's Anonymous scrapes the loser off the bumper



by Arthur Hoppe
It being the morning after the election, a goodly crowd of new members was on hand for the traditional Morning-After meeting of that huge but little-known service organization - Loser's Anonymous.

You have all, I'm sure, waged vigorous, hard-hitting campaigns. And you all, of course, have lost. Remember, as you sit there with your heads in your hands, that we are here to help you.

the primaries and the November elections to at last win political office there are, on a national average 12.3 losers. Think of it, 12.3 to 1! Does it make sense to buck odds like that? Year after year?

your local P.T.A. meeting. And, oh, the headiness of the applause! "Carried away, you'll find yourself sneaking down to party headquarters to pore over old precinct lists. You'll be spending your nights with the boys in smoke-filled rooms. And you'll be grabbing the hands of total strangers on the streets.

"politics is not a character weakness. It's a disease. You can be cured. When you feel that urge to shake a hand, to make a speech, call us - night or day.

Standing in the rostrum beneath the club's banner - "The People Have Spoken, the Bums" - was the organization's experienced director, Mr. Sisyphus.

AS USUAL at this point, there were cries of "Swear off!" "No more speeches?" and other expressions of horror. "There is no alternative," Mr. Sisyphus said firmly. "Let us take a cold, hard look at the statistics: for every man who struggles through

"OH, IT WON'T be easy. Temptation will beckon at every cocktail party when issues are raised. 'Well, you'll think, 'a little social politicking won't hurt.' Don't yield! For the next thing you know you'll be making speeches from the floor at

"Then, inevitably, you'll succumb. Once again, you'll go off on a months-long campaign binge - forsaking your family, squandering your savings on bumper strips and whooping it up at rallies night after night. And once again, 12.3 to 1, you'll lose!"

Useful member of society." So eloquent was Mr. Sisyphus' traditional appeal that, as usual, every man in the crowd was convinced. As usual, each looked around at the others and said the same thing to himself. "He's absolutely right," each said, "about these other guys."

Student spies a travesty

Feature it. A bust. Storm troopers walking through the halls at 4 a.m. rousing students out of bed, marching them off to jail. Thirty arrests. Then fifty. Maybe more. Publicity nationally. Nebraska - Stony Brook college the second.

ASUN WILL have before it again today a resolution calling for student spies to be banned from the campus, on penalty of expulsion. You've heard all the arguments comparing student spies to the NKVD or the Gestapo. All those arguments are valid, as is the argument that spies on campus are contrary the very nature of the University.

There is some question however, as to whether spies ordered to sniff out drugs are on campus. There is no question that someone working for Terry Carpenter is doing some political snooping, and after Terry's statements of last year one would also assume he has someone checking into the drug scene for him.

But no matter what species, Senate should take some preventive action against all spies. There is in no way enough drug traffic on this campus to warrant the use of campus spies. Senate should take the opportunity to make spying illegal and to remove the temptation to use spies from the police, the administration, and such erstwhile witch-hunters as Senator Carpenter.

THE ACTION would benefit all the groups in this university, the administration included. University policy should simply state that this University will never tolerate any spying activity on this campus.

Jack Todd

Editorials

Commentary



Guy Fawkes died for your sins 362 years ago yesterday. Why

Dan Looker . . . It's all over - Or is it?

I'm writing this at 9:30, Tuesday night and no one knows who will be President. But does it really matter?

Let's suppose the winner is Richard Nixon. If it is, what could he do in office? Very little actually. He will have to work with a Democratic Congress and a Democratic Senate. (The last few days before the election seemed to show that a Nixon sweep would not materialize in the congressional race with his popularity slipping a little in the polls and with several upsets predicted in various elections.)

It is also interesting that while Humphrey's popularity showed a surge in the last few weeks of the campaign, Nixon's public standing, which had been fairly solid, finally slipped a point or two in various polls just before the election.

Polls are not always extremely accurate in exact percentage points but they usually show trends of feeling fairly well. The trend they seem to indicate is that by January, even if Nixon wins the election, he may not be the people's choice.

In addition to all of these gloomy prospects for Mr. Nixon, he is known to be less popular than Humphrey among certain influential occupational groups, notably the press, the diplomatic corps, and the federal bureaucrats.

Nixon would have to be some sort of political messiah to overcome all this. It is more likely that there would be two years of stalemate between Congress and the President followed by a Democratic sweep in the Congressional elections of 1970 (similar to the Republican sweep against Johnson in 1966). In 1972 the Democrats would probably nominate someone a little more appealing than Humphrey and easily beat the ineffectual incumbent.

But what if Humphrey is elected? There is a chance that he might be somewhat more successful domestically with a reasonably friendly Congress. But a Humphrey victory would probably mean a stagnation of the Democratic party since the McCarthy kids and the Kennedy people would have far less influence in a successful Democratic party than a defeated one.

Unless Humphrey did a fantastic job in office, he would probably be beaten easily by a Republican in 1972. If the Republican wasn't Nixon. Regardless of who wins, there will be a new era of hope for the American people. An era of hope for meaningful change - in 1972, and a new realization of a great Truth - the fact that mankind has always progressed, not because of, but in spite of politicians.

Warren Storms . . .

Gratitude toward soldiers is quiet

So many times in our universities the anti-war supporters, draft dodgers and pacifists claim to have an insight into the real reasons for our presence in Vietnam. But somehow, those in the thick of it over there seem to understand a lot more about why they're there, and the dreadful alternatives if they weren't.

Many of our boys in Vietnam don't have much of an education but you can't convince me that you have a better knowledge of this war, through reading and research than our soldiers overseas.

PROTESTORS HAVE burned their draft cards, desecrated our flag and have screamed for peace, but in fact haven't the backbone to stand up and actually do something for the freedoms we are fighting to possess.

Our men have died in the Iron Triangle, the DMZ, the Ira Drang Valley; they have fought their way to glory at Hill 881, Con Thien, and Ke Sanh. I don't believe a hundred draft-dodging protestors could replace a single soldier, sailor, or Marine, even if they'd try.

Every man who comes back from Vietnam has a burning fire inside him, and his weary eyes have seen a thousand things you have not dreamed of. He is perhaps only 20 years old, but his youth is gone and his smile is grim. If you ask him he could tell it like it really is, but I guarantee you he didn't get

his concept of war from a book!

HE CAN tell you of the disease and sickness that haunts the South Vietnamese and he can tell of the many atrocities these people have suffered at the bloody hands of the Viet Cong. He can tell you why we're there, so stop and think about it because wars don't end in lies and we should be thankful the battles we fought weren't at Yellowstone, the Black Hills, or Rogersville Tennessee.

I have followed the path of many who have gone before me and I have not a single regret. I didn't burn my draft card nor beg not to be sent. I enlisted and volunteered to go. There is always one thing I shall be able to do. I can hold my head up high and salute Old Glory knowing that I have the right to live in a free country - free because I

helped to fight to keep it that way.

So all in all, I hope that our men realize that dissent is loud and gets attention, but

that gratitude is quiet and doesn't make the headlines. We hope they know that millions of Americans are with them.

CAMPUS OPINION

To Whom It May Concern:

Thank you so very much for scheduling your exams on Wednesday, November 6. Presidential elections are held once every four years, but after slight deliberation I realize I take your individual course only once in my entire life. Therefore, I'll be pleased as punch to spend my election return night in the library studying for your exam.

Claire Cisney

P.S. Thank God I only have three exams. Thanksgiving Day is only twenty-four days away. Dear Editor:

No one can ever say that our Cornhusker athletes don't put on a good show. When they can't do it on the field, they make up for it elsewhere. Their most recent public exhibition took place in the Crib annex, Monday, November 4.

Some of them were gathered in a group (as is their custom) like knights of the square table. It just so happened that there was a certain young man in the same area. He seemed like the ordinary kind of young man, except he had very long hair.

NOW, I don't like that hair style for myself, but if he likes his hair that way, it seems to me that it's his business.

Not so, the jocks. They are kings of the campus and everything is their business. In the true spirit of sportsmanship, fair play, and respect for an opponent, they began jeering and shouting at the young man. Needless to say, the young man left. The score at the end of the game was a million to zilch. Our jocks had learned their lessons well and were triumphant. There was no applause, just smiles, whispers, and giggles. The audience had learned their lesson well, too.

Glenn Friendt

John Dietz . . .

There is a time for man to quit

This is a non-column to the dead in Nebraska. The dead rule in this nowhere-noplace-notime. There is a time for every good man to quit, to give up. I wish I could blow pot and make truth go away. My blood is tired. Our blood is tired. The radical cannot exist in Nebraska - there is no air, no sea in which to immerse. Preaching to the earless wind is useless. We must find a people that can hear, that is not blind. To love Nebraska is to be dead; no, perhaps just defeated. It returns no love. Its people are a million islands; they do not give a damn. They - we are dead.

Students are not human. They have no government. They are programmed automatons. Death where there is no life does not compute. Smoke pot. Love. Dear dead God! Is anyone alive out there? Where are the five-hundred who marched? We cannot preach here. Radicalism (ism?) is useless. What is this thing-student, Student? anarchy, anarchy, that's our cry.

What is it to be human? When do I qualify? Do I have to be 23? 19? Students are not human; they are automatons being-being programmed-programmed. Someday will be replaced by computers. It's dark outside again. What is it to be human? Sometimes I even think I know; but to say it is to know the void.

There is nothing in the darkness. We have eyes but see not - the poor, the hungry, the lonely, the Truth. We are not programmed for life. With what do we involve ourselves? In what do we immerse? Is life a red cabbage?

We stare truth in the face and die. It, life, is too horrible. Sniff the computer perfume in the voting booth, pull levers and moo, contentedly. Is life a voting booth? Buy plastic soul, don't get involved. We are not involved in mankind, for we are students and students are not human and are not relevant to mankind.

Mankind is not programmed. Its "truth" is not programmed. They - it do not compute. Four years of plastic school, plastic house, plastic wife, plastic job, plastic Jesus plastic plastic plastic plastic plastic plastic plastic.

Don't get serious now. Not that it would contaminate anything; nothing exists anyway. Monday nothing, Tuesday nothing, love and life nothing, truth nothing, mankind nothing, sex and church nothing. Nothing, nothing, nothing. It's all absurd. We are meaningless. This thing that happened one wretched morning when the universe awoke and stretched.

We'll go away soon. Pray. Consciousness can't last long. We're learning to suppress that kind of thing. Soon consciousness too will be programmed into non-consciousness. Father forgive me for I know not what I do. Where are the five hundred? Shakespeare was full of it. Radicals eat it. The quality of mercy is not strained, there is none. Smoke pot. Drop acid. Study.

We've all dropped out. Life is cancelled cancelled cancelled for lack of interest, or was it fear? No, lack of interest. It wasn't fun to be alive. Here on the tapes we can muse over Nth order abstractions and our own meaninglessness ad infinitum. Headpieces filled with straw, we've taken apart the walls of our mindlessness. We can be absurd and dead forever.

This is a non-column. This is a non-column. This is a non-column. VISTA is a bad trip. Canada is a home for drop-outs. This university is irrelevant. What have they done to life? Where is life? Where are you, Life? Life is not programmed. It is limbo. It is void. You cannot define yourself in the void. You will not like it there. FTA FTD FTS FTU. Plastic F. FF. Scarab, sacred dung beetle - the Egyptians were right about the world.

Nebraska is a void. It is rumored humans may exist in isolated parts. Blow grass. Forget it. Think plastic. Push programming. Automatons are too independent yet. Computerize. Computerize. Cram it, shove it, drive it, ram it, plug it in. Go around it. Surround it. Define it. Devour it. Digest it. Computerize or reject it. FTC! FTCFTCFTCFTCFTFTFTCFTCFT!!!!

Attention underclassmen: there is no student government at this haha university haha. Have pity on us old folks who talk radicalism. Four-five years of caring, trying to give a darn about our fellow man, fellow man, man our arteries have hardened. Don't depend on us or look to us or call on us for anything other than paths to avoid. We've had it.

Our flat, broad-based attack is finally eating-it-eating-it-eating itself up. We tried to care but didn't know how. The revolution is not about to come to Nebraska. If you care, get out of this void before you vaporize into it. The rattle of death is in the throat of Nebraska radicalism. If you want to live, get out. This is the valley of death, a Nebraska computer non-education. Leave it. Abandon it. Get out while you are able. Nebraska is a place for missionaries and martyrs.

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