

# Coup perpetrated at 53rd Soviet birthday party

Our man hoppe

by ARTHUR HOPPE

In a bold and daring blow aimed at forcing Russia to her knees, the State Department ordered its Ambassador to Moscow not to go to the Soviet Union's 53rd birthday party a week ago.

The effectiveness of this new Get-Tough-with-the-commies tactic was immediately apparent. You can imagine how crushed Comrades Brezhnev and Kosygin were by the snub:

"Well, there goes the last guest, Alexei, and a fine birthday party it was. But I didn't see our good friend, the American Ambassador."

"Good Lenin, Leonid, you're right! And I counted two fewer Vice Consuls and four fewer typists from the American Embassy than last year. I smell a shrimp in the cabbage patch."

"Oh, those irresponsible revanchists! They have . . . they have snubbed us! Marx only knows where those hotheads will strike next."

"The fiends have us where they want us, Leonid. In our humiliation we have no choice but to accept defeat and release those two American Generals. But by Das Kapital and all else that is holy, I say we shall be avenged!"

And avenged the Russians were. The following March, Trish Nixon announced her engagement and invited the Russian Ambassador to her kitchen shower.

With ill-disguised glee, the Russians sent instead a lowly file clerk bearing a 29-cent rubber spatula of markedly inferior quality.

There was some talk in the White House of declaring World War III, but cooler heads prevailed. In the end, a humbled America abandoned its MIRV program and renounced all claims to the strategic Shashlik Islands.

But there was no stopping the escalation. A tourist, Mr. Elmer Grod of Duluth, Iowa, on dropping into the U.S. Embassy in Moscow the following week for a smallpox inoculation, was handed two tickets to the Soviet reviewing stand for the May Day Parade. His instructions: nod, but don't smile.

**THE INFURIATED RUSSIANS** grudgingly freed The Captive Nations, threw their SS-9 missiles into the sea and yielded up their most prized borscht recipe to Julia Child.

As July 4 approached, an uneasy Washington waited for the Soviets to strike back. They did. Not a single Russian official attended the celebration. Worse, the President received an anonymous, sick birthday card which said in Russian: "Yanh, yanh, I'll be glad when you're dead, you rascal you!"

**THE END CAME** when the President not only refused to attend the opening of the Bolshoi Ballet in New York but said publicly he felt that "any guy who wears pink tights is probably a sissy."

It was too much. Goaded beyond endurance, the Soviet Union unconditionally surrendered. The Cold War was over, the threat of nuclear annihilation extinguished. Mankind lived happily ever after.

To commemorate the event, a statue was erected in Moscow's Dick & Pat Nixon (formerly Red) Square. The inscription said simply: "Dedicated to The U.S. State Department— The greatest force for peace the world has ever known."

The statue itself consisted solely of a gilded, 30-foot-long, aristocratic nose pointing immovably to the skies above.



## served for one more round

Republican, has only one place to go.

Nor is it too difficult to conceive of an accommodation between Lindsay and Rockefeller. Their rivalry has been based upon two facts: that a governor of New York State and a mayor of New York City must compete for the state's tax dollar, and that Lindsay has always seen Rockefeller as standing in his way to higher office.

The Rockefeller victory may change all this. The governor has always wanted to "do something" for New York City. He is almost certain to try to solve city problems during the next four years, and therefore almost equally certain to find

himself agreeing with Lindsay on a larger slice of state funds.

Second, the Rockefeller win was accomplished over Lindsay's opposition. The mayor failed to "lick 'em"; he has no future in his party now unless he "joins 'em."

As an example of a master campaign in which every tiny bloc of voters was counted, weighed in the total scale and appealed to by precise measurement of the effect upon the bloc appealed to — and upon the blocs not appealed to — the Rockefeller victory will be studied for a long time.

It was done with money, but there were other candidates in 1970 who spent almost as much

— on a per-voter basis — and who lost.

On the eve of his victory, Rockefeller produced a scrap of paper from his pocket and showed it to a reporter. "This is what I'll win by," he said. The figures were accurate to the last decimal.

But this is only the nuts and bolts of politics. What the Rockefeller victory really meant was that the Republican Party cannot turn sharp right without serious damage, no matter how much Mr. Nixon's theorists may wish to do so. The Eastern Establishment is still alive — at least for the next two years.

## ters

think it's necessary to be satisfied with two pages of vague rapping from an employee of the student body.

Kelly Nash

### Tired Homecoming

And where were you when Homecoming should have been coming? I'm pointing the pointer at you guys and gals in the fraternities and sororities.

We missed you — by the thousands we missed you. The citizens of Lincoln, big and little, old and young couldn't believe that there were no Homecoming displays on the 16th Street Strip and in the surrounding vicinity. Twenty odd thousand students and a Big Red team, dedicated to kicking hell out of any other team for a hundred yards of property which already belongs to the University, all missed the "Home" that you put into Homecoming. The area was about as lively as an overcooked pancake.

According to the Nebraskan, some money was given to

charity. A fine gesture, but I'm suggesting it is a losing battle — both for you, your organization, your University, your esprit de corps, and the charities.

So why? First off, you missed the chance to get to know each other better, you missed the spirit of competition and the chance to show that "you" are a part of the University.

Your Organization missed a chance to display a wealth of talent, a chance to enhance the team spirit, and a chance to show that you are boosting "Big Red."

Your organization missed a dull thud. Absent were the displays that should have been on the Boob Tube and spread throughout the state via the daily paper and radio. Absent were the thousands of your fans that drove and paraded through your area. These people didn't just come in the past, to drive the police up the wall — they came to see your craft work, and the University gained when they came.

As for the esprit de corps —

well, as a comparison, could we say that you didn't get to go on the two week trip to Hawaii with your fraternity sorority, however, you got to write a check for your share of the bill.

The charity may have been the winner this year, but in the end, they are bound to lose. I.e. For some, the contributions will dwindle and then in a year or so it will be necessary for you to purchase advertising space in order to let the community and the rest of the University know you exist. And, there goes the charity money.

Guys and gals, we all have loved your displays and we've loved you for your effort. Nothing in Lincoln got more spontaneous attention, with the possible exception of the Astroturf, than your Homecoming displays. We are going to be looking for you back on the block next year. Can we expect you out selling yourself to the University, the town and the state??

Verne Traudt