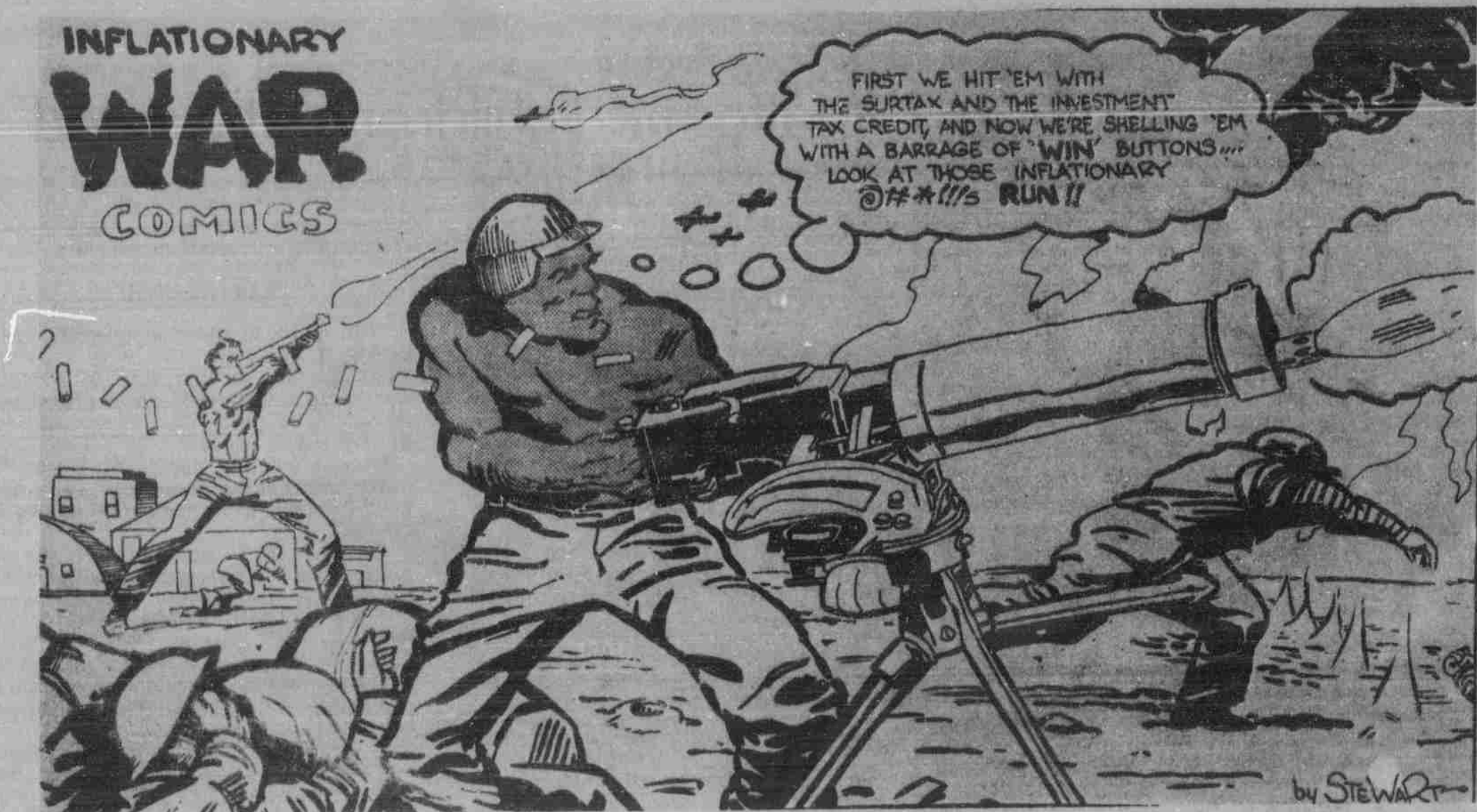


INFLATIONARY WAR COMICS



Inflation fighter: tightened belt, more peanuts

What a dramatic scene in my neighborhood! As church bells pealed, we gathered in the street to enlist in the President's War on Inflation.

The crowd joined arms to sing the war's theme song, "Over Here", as pretty girls wearing WIN buttons handed out the White House-approved enlistment forms. "I enlist as an Inflation Fighter and Energy Saver for the duration," they read.

"It sounds so exciting," old Mrs. Murdoch said, eagerly penciling in her name. "I can't wait to tighten my belt and eat more peanuts."

"It's not so easy in the front lines," I warned her. "You've got to eat more rice and cotton, too."

The crowd had taken up the patriotic chant: "Grow more! Waste Less! Grow More! Waste Less!" A bearded young man squatted in the street, folded his arms and began shouting, "Hell, no! Won't grow!"

We gathered angrily around him. "The least you could do is apply as a conscientious objector for two years' alternative service," I said, "maybe punching extra holes in a belt factory."

"I won't cooperate in an immoral war," muttered the sallow youth.

"Immoral!" cried Mr. Crannich, lifting his cane. "How can you say that when we're going to eliminate oil-fired plants from the nation's base-loaded electrical capacity,

liberalize investment tax credits and provide that all dividends on preferred stocks, issued for cash, be fully deductible by the issuing company?"

But the kid didn't have the guts for combat, and he fled to Canada. Judging by the mood of the crowd, there'll never be an amnesty for the likes of him.

arthur hoppe innocent bystander

A goateed colonel in a white suit and string tie, passed among us, crying, "Support the war effort—waste less!" He was selling Kentucky Fried Chicken Bones.

The crowd, now choking with emotion and chicken bones, changed the chant to, "Drive Less! Heat Less!"

An unwary passing motorist was stoned and severely injured. Within minutes, every street light on the block was shattered.

Ten-year-old Billy Breen was cut on the cheek by a shard of flying glass. His mother gathered him in her arms. "I didn't raise my

boy to be a soldier," she sobbed.

Under the circumstances, we tolerantly forgave her pacifist sentiment. "Don't you know there's a war on, Mrs. Breen?" I said quietly.

"War," she said, lifting her chin bravely, "is hell. But what isn't?"

Half the crowd was now chanting, "More taxes! More taxes!", while the other half, in counterpoint, was responding with, "Hit us again, hit us again, harder, harder!"

A young man, carried away, shouldered his old kit bag, embraced his tearful mother in fond farewell and marched off to join the Future Farmers of America.

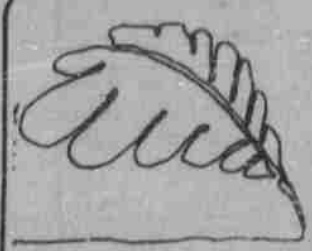
A brass band struck up the Winsock Fight Song, to which we sang, "Buckle tight, America, buckle tight. You can win, America, if you'll buckle right..."

That grizzled combat veteran, old Sarge Sergeant, was called on to make a speech. He tottered up on the bunting-draped stage, his chest festooned with campaign ribbons from The War on Poverty, The War on Pollution, The War on Crime and the ought-eight war on The Boil Weevil.

"I fit in 'em all, and I'll fit in this 'un," he said.

The crowd went wild, screaming, "WIN, WIN, WIN!" But I think old Sarge is getting senile. For an odd look came in his eye.

"But jest once," he said, "I'd sure like to settle fer a tie."



to the editor

Dear Editor,
Although somewhat embarrassed that the pitiful salaries of ours and many (not all) of our colleagues have been exposed, we would like to add our thanks to the *Daily Nebraskan* for publishing the list of faculty salaries.

Now that others besides our creditors know how little money we are making, perhaps we can stop feeling intimidated and start dealing with the extent to which many of us have been systematically mistreated.

We also would like to commend your paper for advocating the need for a standard salary policy.

Recently, the executive board of the UNL chapter of the American Federation of Teachers (AFT) unanimously voted to propose such a plan to the Faculty Senate. (The Faculty Senate's ad hoc Committee on Salary, Goals and Achievement was dissuaded from doing this.)

Finally, as a sort of epilogue, the *Daily Nebraskan* could provide an additional important service by publishing a list of administrative salaries. In some cases, comparisons are remarkably invidious.

Joe Julian, Sociology Dept.
President, UNL Chapter of AFT

Bob Haller, English Dept.
Secretary, UNL Chapter of AFT

Biblical backing

Dear Editor:
I'd like to commend Amy Struthers ("Broad Side," *Daily Nebraskan*, Oct. 4), on her consideration of the source of discrimination which the feminist movement faces.

Truly, many people in our society are still living under Old Testament law. And women are justified in their complaints against the unequal treatment (occupational or otherwise) in a so-called equal and democratic society. The women's movement, to me, seems to be an honest search for individual rights and freedom—freedom to be oneself.

However, careful reading of New Testament scripture reveals a different code of ethics exercised under the authority of a loving God. An example is found in Galatians 3:28, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither slave nor free man, there is neither male nor female; for you are all one in Christ Jesus."

Don't get hung up on the statement about women being submissive to their husbands (Ephesians 5:22). Men, don't gloat over the supposed dominance you think you have over women. If you read further, (5:25) husbands must also love their wives as Christ loved the Church.

What did He do? He died for it. Quite a sobering, thought. But do you see that this love and respect must work both ways—by the power of God changing our attitudes?

Things may seem bad now—but don't blame God. He established equal rights through His Son, and is eager to see them in practice.

Deb A.

Continued...

The council, normally a rather stuffy lot, burst into an uproar. But soon they dashed off into the woods to find Rum-Dum's fabled laird of free, healthy acorns.

They left their meeting grove in disarray, and when some of the other squirrels scampered over to find out what had happened, all they found was Rum-Dum sitting on a stump with a sage smile on his face, saying, "I don't have the acorns, and neither does Zum-Zum."

Rum-Dum then returned from his faraway reverie and explained what had happened. The word spread fast.

They ran furiously in all directions, fearful that the free acorns would be gone before they arrived. But Rum-Dum sat back and smiled. He knew this supply of acorns could never be cornered.

Meanwhile, Zum-Zum sat dazed on his stump. His clerks, his distributors, his clientele...all gone.

He stared around his little domain, unpopulated now except by those diehard squirrels who still believed that Zum-Zum had all the acorns, or a least the ones that really mattered.

"I know better," he thought, gazing blankly at a faint glittering spot just on the other side of the briar patch. Then he sat up suddenly—it was something sparkling, something hard and white...

The moral: Pay attention, dammit, when the nut hatches.