

ON CAMPUS



WITH MAX SHULMAN

By the author of *Rally Round the Flag, Boys...* *Dobie Gillis...* etc.

Prexy's Complaint

Do you know why you haven't seen the president of your college lately? Here's why: he quit.

You don't believe me, I see. You sneer and make coarse gestures. But it's true all the same. Not one college president in the entire United States came back to work this fall. They chickened out, every last one.

A few will return: they're just taking a year off to study karate. But most aren't coming back ever. And can you blame them? What kind of work is this for a dignified, elderly person—covering under his desk all day long, wearing bullet-proof underwear, hiring food tasters, getting into fistfights with sophomore girls?

It's hard to realize that only three or four years ago a college president was a figure of respect and regard—yes, *reverence* even! I'll admit of course that undergraduates were much more tractable in those days because, as you will no doubt recall, sex and drugs had not yet been introduced from Europe.

But even so, they were lively rascals, yesterday's undergrads, scampering all over campus on their little fat legs, cheering and hallooing, identifying lichens, conjugating verbs. But no matter how engrossed they were in their games and sports, whenever Prexy happened by, they would instantly run over to kiss his vest and sing 24 choruses of the *Alma Mater*. Ah, it was a lovely and gracious time, now gone, alas, forever!

Incidentally, you'll notice that I used the word "Prexy." That of course is what college presidents are always called, as I'm sure you know. But did you know that trustees are always called "Trixie?" Similarly, deans are always called "Doxy" except of course in the South where they are always called "Dixie." Associate professors of course are called "Axy-Pixie." Hockey coaches of course are called "Hootchy-Cootchy." Students are called "Algae."

And Miller High Life is called "The Champagne of Beers." I mention Miller High Life because I am paid to write these columns by the brewers of Miller High Life. They are, I must say, a very relaxed kind of employer. They let me write whatever I want to. There's no censorship, no pressure, and no taboos. In fact, I don't even have to mention Miller High Life unless I feel like it. Naturally, the brewers are a little disappointed if I don't mention it, but they never complain. They just smile bravely and stop my check.



Today, as it happens, I do feel like mentioning Miller High Life. And what better way than to quote these immortal lines from *Ozymandias* by the beloved Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, or "The Swedish Nightingale," as he was better known as? I quote:

When an ill wind blows,
And keeps getting iller,
Then a wise man knows
It is time for Miller.

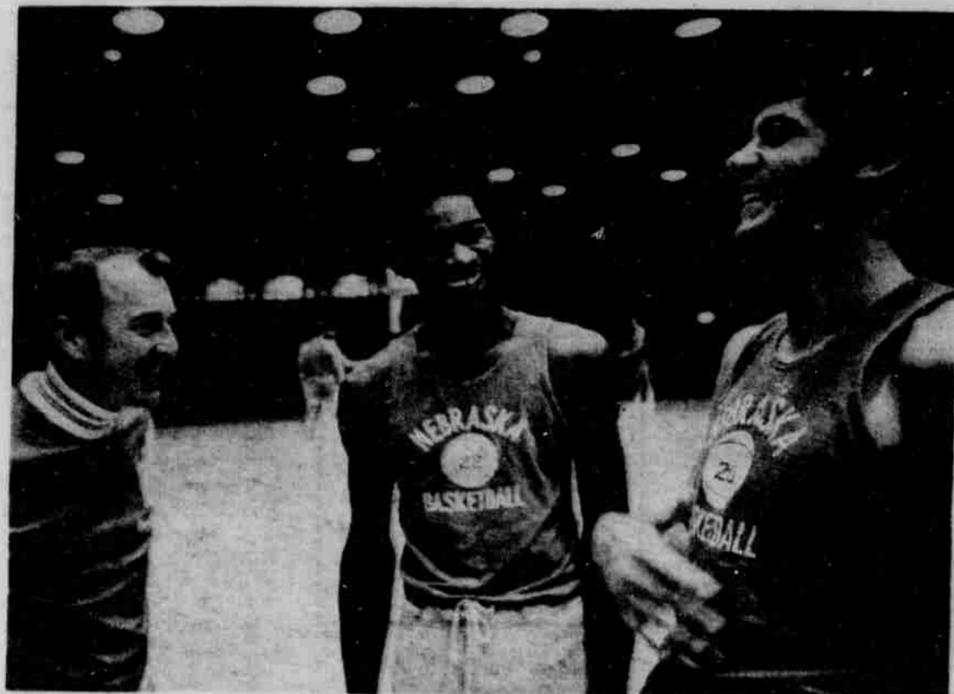
What peppy hops! What groovy malts!
No beer can do what Miller does!
One sip and—hark!—you hear a waltz,
And you love the world, including fuzz.

But I digress. Prexy, I say, is gone and nobody wants the job. Where, then, will the colleges find replacements?

Well sir, a lot of schools lately have been hiring robots. Don't laugh; you can get robots today with a bald spot and everything. In fact, I recently saw one so lifelike that alumni were giving it money. The big trouble of course is that after a few weeks as Prexy, any intelligent robot will say, "Who needs this?" and become a toll booth.

And so it remains unsolved, this Prexy problem, and in future columns I'll look into it again, along with such other burning questions as "Are roommates sanitary?" and "Can a student of 18 find happiness with an econ professor of 90?"

Yes, it's true. We, the brewers of Miller High Life Beer, are really letting Max Shulman write whatever he wants in this column. That wretched sobbing you hear is our legal department.



Cipriano . . . relaxing with experienced guards Stewart (center) and Nissen.

Husker guards best in Big 8?

Nebraska basketball coach Joe Cipriano takes a cautious breath when he says it, but he may have the best guard duo in the Big Eight.

Cip's only problem (if it can be called that) is finding which two guards work best together. "Right now we're going with experience at the guard positions," explained Cipriano.

This places veterans Marv Stewart and Al Nissen into starting roles. "But sophomores Tom Gregory and Randy Watts have been looking good and are pressing for starting positions," continued Cip.

Both Stewart and Nissen have encountered early season problems. Stewart has been bothered by a sore knee and missed Monday's workout

before going through light workouts Tuesday and Wednesday.

"Marv had the knee looked at Monday night," offered Cipriano, "but he won't have to have an operation and he claims that it is feeling better."

Nissen's problem has been on the court. "Al has just been making too many mistakes," pointed out Cipriano. "He really hasn't had a good week of practice yet."

But Cipriano just feels that it is taking Nissen a little while to get untracked. "He's doing too many things the way that they're set up," explained Cip. "You can't do that in basketball. You have to be able to read things while you're out

there. But I'm sure Al (Nissen) will come around."

With Stewart being briefly sidelined, sophomore Tom Gregory was given plenty of work at the guard position. "He looked real good," offered Cipriano. "He can shoot real well from out. And Watts has been doing a great job on defense."

As for the one remaining forward position, Mike Peterson appears to be the top candidate for the job. "Peterson's knee is better and he's starting to realize what his role is on this team," explained

What is Peterson's role? "Rebounding," answered the Husker coach. "We need board work from our forwards and Mike is starting to get the job done."

AT DIVIDEND YOU SAVE MORE!!

- LOWEST PRICES ON CIGARETTES
- ICE CUBES ALWAYS READY—50¢ BAG
- NO BETTER GAS SOLD . . . ANYWHERE



**DIVIDEND
BONDED GAS**
16th & P Sts.
We Never Close