

## It began with the Cadavernaugh Plan...

## By Rich Tilson and Blark Young

"...Only at the University of Nebulosity could such a fresh start be made. It's a veritable tabula rosa...that's Latin, you know..."—Rhett Butler, UNL president, speaking to the press.

The last great battle in the War Between the Stakes was the Cadavernaugh Plan. General Jon Cadavernaugh, a young-but-rising general in the State Legislature Army, planned and executed a brilliant plan aimed at the very core of the university.

Cadavernaugh had watched the enemy operations carefully and had determined that the university would be vanquished if President Varnish's key administrators were attacked. Cadavernaugh knew this meant employing the most dreadful weapon conceived of at that time—BUDGET CUT!! Knowing this would cause humanitarians and liberal arts majors alike to shudder and swear, Cadavernaugh went through with his plan, exhibiting the cold, logical hardness that only great military men and government officials seem to have.

This was to become the university's finest hour. President Varnish knew that the BUDGET CUT would trim administrative salaries below the already near-starvation \$15,000 to \$30,000 levels, depriving most of his closest staff of necessary luxuries. In an unexpected but brilliant maneuver, Varnish diverted the BUDGET CUT to the most unnecessary parts of the university—maintenance and student services.

Let not a tear be shed for the persecuted peons (who don't know their rear end from a hole in the ground anyway). Instead let us applaud the originality and brilliance of strategy of the old administrators during the last hours—who were able to tell the difference.

For in spite of Varnish's delaying tactics, they saw the

end was inevitable. Forty top administrators resigned in the space of three days, leaving their positions to become window washers, fortune tellers and history professors. It was a display of valorous discretion unparalleled in history.

The last to leave shouted encouragement to the huddled masses of faculty members and students awaiting their fate as he boarded the bus. "The Stout will rise again!" The students were particularly fearful, despite assurances of an adequate supply of earth shoes, good sex and warm places to do homework.

Suddenly it was spring.

While the Regents mulled over replacements for the administrators, terrible news arrived. A mudsplattered, bloody messenger astride a half-dead horse bore the grim tidings: The university had lost its accreditation. The weak defenses erected by the administrators had crumbled on every front. Only a small band of student Security Guards continued on this landmark war to battle . . . everyone

"Betrayal!! Woe!! Misappropriation of funds!!

Bleak!!" cried the student government. Lacking a
quorum, they could do little else. Biff Boffo, UNL
student regent, fled only to fall captive near Savannah,
Nebr.

Soon the bureaucrats of occupation moved in. The full impact of "Reconstruction" emerged. Students were told they were now free. Untrained for any useful jobs, they wandered aimlessly in the streets, collected unemployment and began sitting in the front of busses.

Some longed for a return to security and became graduate students. Some professors, formerly kindly folks, took out their frustrations on their remaining students and began wearing red and white sheets, burning thesis papers and terrorizing the academic community. Most of

the faculty members just shook their heads and mumbled inarticulately as usual.

Hoodlum scholars rode roughshod over the university's best foosball-players and film critics. The fire alarms were removed from the dormitory-tenements, and the fraternities' pool tables were confiscated. Armed guards patrolled the local drinking establishments and denied access to all students. Worst of all, Big Red was thrown out of the NCAA. In short, the carefully-balanced, antebellum social system was thrown into disorder.

From this reign of chaos was yet to emerge the greatest injury. The conquering Legislature appointed new administrators and regents to whip the university into order. Lacking any connections with area banks or construction firms, these outsiders—or "carpetbaggers" as they were dubbed—began running the university for personal gain. Shifty-eyed, sleazy individuals, they moved in and reduced student fees, dissolved the student government, raised the level of scholarship and reduced the level of grade inflation.

Surely, there has been no greater time of oppression of academic freedom in the history of the university.

Fortunately, in history time heals all-wounds. In time, the university was able to throw off the shackles of oppression. The community was held together by a sense of deep-rooted pride in what the university had been and could be again. Through hard work and dedication, the carpetbaggers were removed, one by one.

Finally the university returned to a level of greatness equaling its former glory. Exploitation of the student once again became the solid economic base for the academic bureaucracy. And a new optimistic philosophy emerged, so well expressed by our current president, Rhett Butler: "Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn."



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