



"VROOM VROOM BULLDOZERS!"

RANDELL REFLECTS ON TIME AT THE WESTERN™

In an impromptu interview granted to the Tool, outgoing President Gary Ransdell reflected on his two-decade tenure at The Western™.

Ransdell, seated in a rocking chair on the Faculty House porch and smoking a corn cob pipe, ruminated, "I think my proudest achievement is probably tricking those whiny eggheads into wasting their time on their 'University Senate' while I get real work done. Man, me and the Regents -- well, the rich ones -- have had some good laughs about those little resolutions they've passed about banning football or getting gay married or sticking up for

immigrant students. I tell you, faculty are just the cutest when they are all worked up about whatever the injustice of the day is."

"If you'd told me back when I was sleeping my way through Intro to Communications as a freshman here that I'd be running this dump someday, I'd have guffawed and vomited on your Converse high tops. But now that I've had nearly twenty years in the wheelhouse, pretty much running this place however I want... well, it seems kind of sad, like when Stalin died and the Soviet Union just didn't know what to do."

"Let's see, maybe I

should leave you with some parting wisdom. How about this: MTSU's football team can line up and kiss my wrinkly white ass! You'll never catch us now, losers! Ha ha! Whoop, I never get tired of saying that out loud. But seriously, if I had to sum up my legacy in three words, it would have to be either 'massive, crippling debt' or 'vroom vroom bulldozers!'"

With that, Ransdell shouted "Go Tops!!" and raced off to Hilligans for a couple of Rum n' Red Bull Jello shots in preparation for one last all-night session of keg-stands, crab-slapping, and "goat bothering" at the AGR house.

FACEBOOK "10 RANDOM THINGS ABOUT ME" LIST, BY GARY RANDELL

1. My last name means "wild garlic" in Middle English
2. I considered changing the university's name to "Harverd"
3. Students think I'm honest with them
4. I wear an article of red clothing, or have some part of me painted red, at all times
5. I am a DJ at Revolution 91.7, but I won't say which one
6. As an Army journalist in the early 1960s, I became fed up with stifling bureaucracy and the status-quo and embraced the drug counterculture. I spent many years doing LSD and chronicling American fear, loathing and hypocrisy in Rolling Stone magazine and essay collections.
7. I inhaled once and enjoyed it. The same day I kissed a man by accident and didn't enjoy it
8. I wear "Big Red" thong underwear
9. The rules of college football are a complete mystery to me
10. Bowling Green is the least interesting town in Warren County, in my opinion

NEW MERIT "FINGER GUNS" POLICY ANNOUNCED

At a news conference Thursday, it was announced that the old-fashioned, money-based faculty merit reward system will be overhauled. "The Western™ is a family," insisted President Ransdell. "Family members don't pay each other when one of them does something good. That's silly."

Instead of paying monetary rewards for noteworthy professional accomplishments, Ransdell will apply a distillation of his patented graduation "hug, kiss, and back-slap" congratulatory system to the classroom and cubicle. The full benefit table hasn't yet been released, but scaled rewards will include:

- Researchers who publish in a top-tier journal will receive three full-body hugs, a back-slap, and at least 1.5 thumbs-up from an administrator at a level no lower than associate dean; publication in a second-tier or lower journal will receive at least a pair of finger guns and a wink from a full professor in an appropriate discipline;
- A researcher whose work is mentioned on local broadcast media will earn a "nice one, buddy!!" or possibly a "nice one, [insert name here]!!" from Dr. Ransdell at the annual pancake breakfast. Researchers who are to be interviewed about their work on national broadcast media will be replaced by Dr. Ransdell;
- Scholars who earn an external grant of more than \$500 will receive three full body hugs and a peck on the lips (open mouth if over \$7,500) from the regent of their choice; internal grant winners will receive a cheek kiss, a full-body hug, half a tushie squeeze, and two back-slaps from their department head.

Ransdell considered adding butt-slaps and Red-Towel twirls to the reward scale but decided that they should be reserved solely for rewarding athletes and athletic administrators.

"Athletics deserves to have something special for themselves, beyond just the bloated student fees they receive. All the rewards can't go to the academic side of the house!" he explained as he shot finger guns and a wink toward a faculty member whose MacArthur-funded 10-year research project on race bias in higher education appeared in a *Time* magazine article.

For administrators ranked dean or higher and athletic coaches, The Western™ will continue to follow business model merit systems, which permit enormous annual base salary increases based on voluntary self-evaluations or claims of "good mojo."



The Colossus of Ransdell, astride the Planetarium. Bow before him, all ye who gaze upon his encroched brilliance!

RANDELL HALL NAMED TO TOP 10 "MOST NARCISSISTIC STRUCTURES IN AMERICA"

The American Academy of Egostistical Architecture announced Monday that the College of Education building, Gary A. Ransdell Hall, has debuted as one of the most narcissistic structures in the nation. The cupola-festooned structure, named after The Western's™ President for Life, ranked 9th, just ahead of the Wynand Building, New York City's tallest fictitious skyscraper, and five places behind Donald Trump's hair. The AAEA noted that the last-minute decision to carve "Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair" into the top of the building succeeded in moving the Gary A. Ransdell Hall up a couple of spots on the list.

ALL HAIL EMPEROR GARY I OF THE WESTERN™!

At the noon hour on the twenty-ninth day of April of the year of our Lord 2011, Ye Board of Regents of The Western™ offered President Gary Ransdell the title of Emperor and declared amid trumpet fanfare, "The government of The Western™ is vested in the Emperor, who takes the title of Emperor Gary I of The Western™."

The pomp of the Coronation Day began when a dozen processions of deputations from the Dormitories, the Campus Police, the Student and Faculty legislative, judiciary, and administrative corps, the Hilltopper Athletic Foundation, and the Federal Reserve Bank of Saint Louis left different points to converge on the Gary A. Ransdell Hall Cathedral. The grand officers of the Board of Regents rode to the coronation in ornate coaches pulled by gaily caparisoned horses of great beauty.

Last of all was the Emperor's royal coach ornamented with gold and emblazoned with a red capital G, drawn by eight horses, and bearing the Emperor dressed in Hilltopper-red velvet embroidered with rubies and gold. With him was Chief of Staff Lady Deborah Wilkins robed in silk and sparkling gems. Commented a peasant bystander, "Her face was so well made up that she appeared to be a maid of but five-and-twenty."

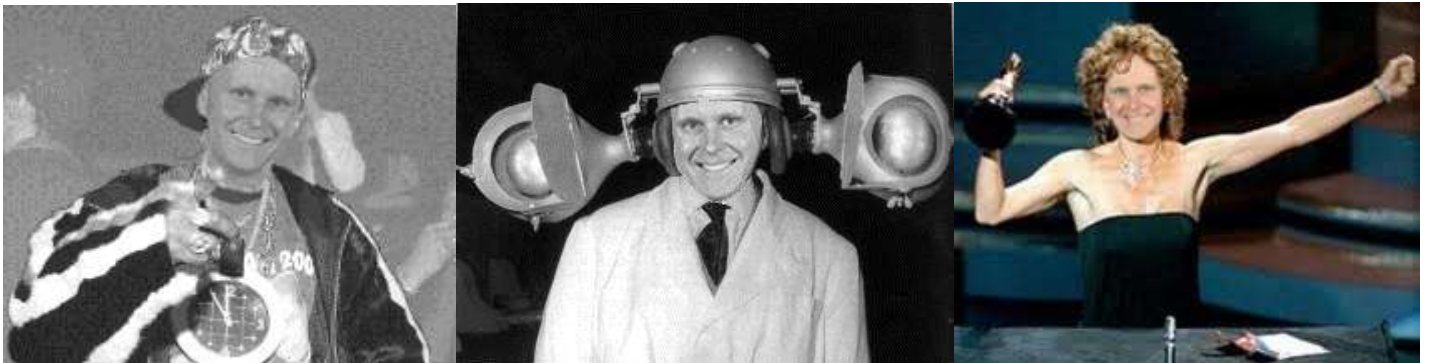
Imperial protocol demanded that twelve virgin youths with candles transport the crown to the royal brow. As three years of BCS-level football at The Western™ had depleted the stock of readily-available virgins, minions were forced to search far and wide across the County Warren for a fortnight.

As the first bars of "Forever Young" rang across the Emperor's demesne, an unmanned balloon, ablaze with 3,000 red lights forming an Imperial crown was launched from the front of the Gary A. Ransdell Hall Cathedral. Shortly afterward, the balloon snagged on one of the construction cranes surrounding the Creason Lot Parking Structure and burst into flame, showering onlookers with debris. The Emperor considered this another sacred omen of his destiny.

THE TOOL DISCOVERS SECRET RANDELL CONSTRUCTION "WISH LIST" IN DISCARDED BURRITO WRAPPER

While downing a slushie in DUC, a Tool reporter on lunch break noticed President Ransdell toss a half-eaten bean-cheese-and-tofu burrito and a hastily-scribbled list of "wish" construction projects into a nearby trashcan as he strode purposefully towards a meeting with a local bulldozer sales representative. Projects on the list include:

- "Honors Canyon" for Professor John All to fall in, trap self
- Giant white squirrel treehouse
- Half-Acre ball pit and trampoline racetrack under Wetherby
- Private zeppelin airport on top of Wetherby
- Heisman QB breeding facility
- Lost River Cave submarine base and pearl oyster fishery
- Fraternity "Rule-free Haze-a-torium"
- Add "Blind Obedience," "Capitulation," and "Some Pig," to Virtues on DUC steps
- Building in shape of cupola, studded with mini-cupolas, with micro-cupolas on inside ceilings and as water-fountain buttons
- Turf Grass and Smoking Grass Management Program
- Retention-boosting guillotine
- Wrecking ball/bulldozer operator training academy
- H.H. Cherry Memorial Giant Mountain of Dirt next to huge open pit, to be alternately filled in and dug out endlessly
- Saudi Dance Academy
- Profitable athletics program
- Giant hamster-wheel-powered, LEED-certified HVAC delivery nexus
- Four-story smokehouse to make "Ole Kentucky Long Pig Hams" of "retired" faculty
- Another bronze statue of a towel, only way bigger
- Giant serving trough in Fresh Food for all-u-can-eat Translucent Bacon for all STEM Students



The many flavors of Gary Ransdell: *The Notorius G.A.R.* (2012); Ransdell gears up for the "Listening Tour" (2009); Ransdell accepts Oscar for his performance in *Places of the Heart* (1985).

BREAKING NEWS! CABONI NICKNAMES LIST MADE PUBLIC!

The BOR's Blue Ribbon committee to develop official nicknames for incoming President, Tim Caboni, has released its initial list of nicknames. The Board's opium-fueled retreat produced the following candidates:

Tim Caboner
"The Bone"
T-Bone Caboni
Tim Tromboni
Tim Carbon Copy
Timothy Cabowtie

Tim Cobane-ish
Big Chief Ka-Brony
Tim Zamboni
Dr. Fartznspitz
The Chug Machine
Lil' Tim
President Jazzhands

The Freshmaker!
Efram Zimbalist, Jr.
Your Worst Nightmare
Hockey Puck
Benedict Cumberbatch
That Guy Who Totally Reminds Me of Ransdell