

THE Filthy Lucre



Fighting for the Man since 1989

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Over the spring break, we recieved a couple of anonymous submissions by a pair of concerned citizens of Northern. This is the first, slightly edited for length. The second will be published in next week's issue, so stay tuned! And as always, we heartily welcome any written contributions or suggestions from our audience, via our electronic mailing address.

You Kill It, We Grill It A Food Service Proposal

Betty Shred: Anonymous Contributor

It is a melancholy sound to those who walk through this great institution to hear those young scholars who live in residence complain of the poor food served to them by the cafeteria. These students, instead of buying groceries and cooking for themselves like those living off campus, have food prepared for them, and readily available whenever they so choose to consume it.

My intention is not only to silence these incessant complaints, but to truly make the patrons of the cafeteria grateful for their meals. In addition my proposal will benefit the physical bodies of these patrons through vigorous exercise, as well as their appreciation of nature, sense of community, and morale amongst residence.

Although I am not in possession of the exact number of students currently relying on the cafeteria for sustenance, I am under the impression that a vast number belong to sporting teams, such as football, wrestling, and volleyball. Although I am not a member of any of these teams, I am of the understanding that frequent physical exertion, in the form of cardiovascular training, are part of all sporting regimens. Currently, I believe these activities are conducted in the school gymnasium and on school grounds in general.

“No Confidence” in Fmr. Admin.

Johann Klepp: Gentleman Scholar

In the hallowed groves of academe, the dreaded “No Confidence” vote is a weapon rarely used by faculty against a sitting administrator. The NC is the harshest censure the faculty can use against an administrator. A No Confidence vote is achieved by having a majority of the faculty vote that they have, well, no confidence that their leader can lead them.

The Filthy Lucre has heard a rumor that several of Northern's indolent 8-hour a week faculty, led by part-time philosophy professor Johann Klepp, are wasting what little time they do put in on campus by

“I do therefore humbly offer it to public consideration” that these sporting teams fulfill their exercise requirements by hunting and gathering, in a traditional style, the food to be served in the cafeteria; male members will be in charge of hunting large game, while female members may be put in charge of gathering and hunting smaller game. By hunting using only a bow and arrow, athletes will be physically tested in a far more effective environment than a gymnasium could offer, as prey must be pursued, and when killed, carried back to campus.

The athletes will become more physically fit through their hunting excursions and these drills may serve to create a sense of teamwork and competition. The fundamentals of hunting together will transfer directly onto the field or court, whereas competing for game would benefit individual wrestlers. Furthermore, exposure to some of the extreme conditions generated by the northern Montana climate would provide athletes with higher levels of perseverance, tolerance, and endurance.

Those residents who are not involved in any athletic team could be made part of the preparation process; skinning, drying, cooking, etc. This would ensure that all dorm habitants were involved in the labor and contributing to the final outcome.

cooking up a No Confidence vote against Chancellors Mike Rao and Alex Capdeville, for the crimes of “helping to steer our ship to the shoals where it precariously rests today,” despite the fact that Dr. Rao retired seven years ago, and Dr. Capdeville left Northern at the end of last semester.

The offending parties are calling this a vote of No Confidence “*ille exilium*,” which in Latin roughly means “those already exiled.” We will turn this rumor over to Northern's newly promoted Dean of Mythbusting, Jim “Columbo” Potter for further investigation. We will keep our readers apprised of any further developments, as our “busy” schedule permits.

Those students less physically inclined would be better suited for the more domestic aspects of food preparation. Complaining over the quality of food would decrease dramatically, if not completely, as the residents themselves would be responsible for the entire process. This would have a positive effect within the dormitories, due to increased teamwork and comradery; as well as for students off campus, as they would not be subjected to the continuous whining of those who are currently free of the grocery shopping and cooking process which they themselves deal with daily.

Little to no training would be required to implement this proposal, as hunting is basically the unofficial sport of northern Montana. This could result in an entirely new sporting event; bleachers could be set up around the perimeter of the hunting area, and spectators could use binoculars to observe their favorite hunters; thus generating another source of income for the school. This is my modest proposal, “I am not so violently bent upon my own opinion as to reject any offer proposed by wise men, which shall be found equally innocent, cheap, easy, and effectual.”

Stolen Tapes & Stolen Holidays

Hurrying Harriet: Disgruntled Insider

First it was our physical life at stake, with the devious paint switch maneuver†. Now it's our spirit.

The nefarious admin has taken yet another jab at specific campus entities. In a recent staff meeting, one innocent attendee was planning on taping the meeting for another worker who was unable to attend. She was told by the union president, Julie Strobel, that she could not tape the discussion. She was then forced to remove the tape and destroy it. So much for freedom of press. Then (yes, another instance!) they have, without our permission, taken away our day off for President's Day.

Oh, they did replace the day off, but in no reasonable fashion. They traded it for the day after Christmas, a day we were likely to take off anyhow.

Now, I know this doesn't concern most readers, but knowledge is power, folks! Beware! If they can do this to us, they can do it to you too.

† The Filthy Lucre 2.7, “Hello Death”

Know Your Place.

Send hate mail, love notes, and creative contributions to northernlucre@gmail.com.

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