



# THE CABBAGE



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## CHRISTMAS WISH LIST

- Uncle Sam:  
You
- Summit Residents:  
More Fire Drills
- Joel:  
One More Chicken Nugget
- Single Fifth Years:  
Beautiful Transfers
- Cabbage Writers:  
Recognition
- MLC B-Ball Teams:  
Bunhuggers
- Centennial Residents:  
Personal Space
- Everyone:  
Cinnamon Toast Crunch
- Financial Aid Office:  
Calculators

*Look for next week's special exam issue On Tuesday!!!*

## Married Off-Campus Students Win Pizza Party

by Angus McGhee

OFF-CAMPUS—A winner has been declared in the MLC food drive. Though not yet an official count, married off-campus students appear to have come through with the most canned goods to be generously donated to married off-campus students.

Having started two weeks ago, the food drive has been a highly contested event that has brought out the positive nature in the student body. All the residents of the five dorms have made a concerted effort to help out their fellow students, but one group went above and beyond. The contingent of married off-

campus students showed their genuine concern for themselves by donating more than double the amount of food compared to any other floor. Their humanitarian efforts paid off, for now they are privileged to enjoy forty-five pizzas from three distinguished Italian restaurants in New Ulm.

Leaders of the other competing food-gathering teams applauded the effort put forth by the off-campus students. "That's not fair. They're not a dorm floor. We deserve that pizza," said Lon Kruger, captain of the second floor Concord team.

Others praised the ingenuity

of the tactics used by the married couples. Culinary arts major Tom Stone said, "All they did was go to the store, buy their groceries, register them with the contest guys, and take the 'donated' groceries home. Then they win the pizza. Ohh, and then they get all the rest of the food, too. What is that?"

Food drive officials declined to grant an interview to *The Cabbage*, but in a statement released to this paper, officials promised to "slap themselves repeatedly" for stupidly making food the prize of a food drive.

## Israel Elects Pat Buchanan as Prime Minister

P.M. Has Higher Goal in Mind

by Ima Rabian

JERUSALEM—Just twenty-four hours after the resignation of Israeli Prime Minister Ehud Barak, the people of Israel have elected Pat Buchanan as their new Prime Minister. This decision may prove to be pivotal in the ongoing heated relations with Palestine.

Buchanan's main opponent was Brak, from the cable cartoon program, "Space Ghost, Coast to Coast." Brak was running on primarily one issue. "Um, if you pick me, you won't have to change that name on that door too much, you'd just have to take out one letter, and it would save a lot of money. If you pick him, you'd have to add some 'b's and 'h's and some other ones," claimed Brak. Apparently the people of Israel did not regard his reasoning highly; Buchanan won in a landslide, capturing 98 percent of the popular vote.

Prime Minister-elect Buchanan, whose campaign seemed to be waning early this week, received a jumpstart from high returns in Palm Beach County, where many Jews reside. "What can I say? Jews love me," said Buchanan. "Some people are surprised by this, with my admiration for Hitler and all, but I don't think my Nazi sympathy should have anything to do with it. I think the people of Israel agree with me." The new Prime Minister went on to say that he plans to make drastic policy changes. "I think that these Israelites are still the people of God and that we can learn to get along with the Palestinians. We'll get them to cooperate somehow."

Buchanan went on to say that, with his increased popularity among Jews, he has not ruled out a bid for the presidency in 2004. "If I can win so many votes in Palm

Beach, and having won this job in Israel, I think I can reach out to other minorities and win the White House."



## Kuehl Signs \$252 Million Deal With Knights

by Bill Braske

NEW ULM—Professor Dan Kuehl, on Monday, agreed to a ten-year contract worth over a quarter of a billion dollars. Officials for the college have secured the young star by granting him the richest deal in MLC's history. The ten-year, \$252 million deal doubles the previous record for a professor's contract, a \$161 million, twelve-year deal between the college and Professor Kurt Wittmershaus.

President Theodore Olsen has defended what critics call a "brash and foolish shopping

spree on young, unproven talent." He says that with competition fierce, the college needed to secure its future. "We all know the situation. Bethany in Mankato, WLC in Milwaukee. I believe this new deal, along with previous deals, will be able to put us over the top and snub out the other area Lutheran colleges," said Olsen.

The contract calls for a \$10 million signing bonus paid over five years and salaries of \$21 million in each of the first four

years. Needless to say, Kuehl's annual pay will be well above the synod's minimum of \$12,599.

The young English professor is optimistic that he will not disappoint the school. "I know the pressure will be high, but by working hard in the off-season, I am confident I'll be able to contribute greatly to the team."

The rising star boasts a school-high teaching average of .309, along with 115 PHI (papers-handed-in).

## Jolly Old Satan-ick? by Johnny Bravo

PESHIGO, WI—Mrs. Ethel Herlinger, Sunday school teacher at St. John's in Peshigo, WI, made a discovery last Sunday that has shaken the theological world. Based on her entomological analysis of the letters in "SATAN", the Prince of Darkness may just turn out to be Santa Claus.

During her standard pre-Christmas lesson condemning the outrageous commercialism of the Holidays, Mrs. Herlinger was about to bring out the "old Santa letter switcheroo," as she affectionately puts it. "The little kiddies just love it when I show them the word 'santa' with the pretty magnet letters, and then take out the 'n' and put it behind the word," said Mrs. Herlinger. "When they see that the new word is 'satan,' they really get the point."

In a perfect world the lesson would have all gone smoothly, but right from the beginning things started to go wrong. "After I arranged the letters and started to explain, little Henry—you know, the one who lives in that nice blue

place over on 3rd—well, he said, 'Mrs. Herlinger, why'd you put the devil on the board?' I had accidentally put 'Satan' on the board first. Well then I knew my lesson was just ruined. Jeppers, I tried to make it work anyway the other way around. But ohh, goodness, it didn't work out the way it was supposed to, and so," said the veteran teacher.

Instead of equating Santa with the devil, Mrs. Herlinger tried to explain to the children how Satan may actually be an old, portly, white-bearded fellow who lives at the North Pole, has reindeer for pets, and brings us presents once a year. The more she talked, the more she realized she was onto something. "When you think about it, maybe Satan has just been misunderstood all these years—you know how bad gossip can get."

Mrs. Herlinger's ideas have aroused speculation by well-known theologians all around the world, but as of yet none of the



major denominations have taken any official stances on the subject. So the world waits to see if, somehow, that evil being that knows all our thoughts, wears a suit of red, and can seemingly be all around the world at one time is actually just good old Santa Claus.

## EDITORIAL: "So, Like, What's Up With This Snow Emergency Stuff"

by Tiffany Schultz

So, like, my daddy bought me this brand new cherry red Saturn as a little present for graduating high school last year. It's so totally awesome—there's a cd player in it so I can blast my Spice Girls as loud as I want. I just totally love Posh Spice, don't you? I mean, her outfits are so cool! Anyway, my parents gave me this whole "responsibility speech" about taking care of my car and what-ever, blah, blah. I've, like, only gotten into two



accidents since summer and neither of them were really my fault—I should be totally able to do my nails and drive at the same time. I mean, it's a free country, right? Anyway, I drive my Saturn to college and I find out that they want me to pay, like, a lot of money to park my car. Like, whatever! I'm, like, doing them a favor becoming a teacher in this ministry thing, and like, my car is making their parking lot look better, so maybe they should pay me or something. Anyway, now I just heard in chapel that there is this snow emergency thing planned, and I have to move my car out into the street. Do they, like, even care that I have to walk out there wearing these ugly, clumpy boots? So, anyway, I move my car, and then I hear that I didn't even have to, because no plow-people came anyway. So now I have to move it back, like, totally wrecking my hair in the wind. Oh,

speaking of hair, I tried this really neat shampoo this morning, and it totally smells like mango passion fruit. It's awesome—I've just been smelling my hair, like, the whole day. Anyway, I hear that I have to move my car again, and I hope this is the real thing. So I move it, and what do I hear? Yeah, it was cancelled again. They said there were signs all over, but who really takes the time to read those words on that board, especially when you just want to get back to your room in time for Dawson's Creek. Can you believe that Joey might still have feelings for Dawson? Pacey's got to be, like, totally going mental. Anyway, so they tell me that I really have to move my car again, that this time, they're like, for sure going to plow it. Yeah, they better be right, or I might just, like, totally flip out.