



THE CABBAGE



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President-Elect George W. Bush's New Cabinet:

- SEC. OF STATE,
Randy McNally
- SEC. OF TREASURY,
Judas Iscariot
- ATTORNEY GENERAL,
Habush, Habush, Davis, & Rot-
tier
- SEC. OF YOUR INTERIOR,
Colon Powell
- SEC. OF AGRICULTURE,
Old MacDonald
- SEC. OF COMMERCE,
Charles Schwab
- SEC. OF LABOR,
Any WELS Pastor's Wife
- SEC. OF DEFENSE,
Reggie White
- SEC. OF HEALTH,
Char Friedrich
- SEC. OF EDUCATION,
Seymour Skinner
- SEC. OF TRANSPORTATION,
Mr. Lamers
- SEC. OF ENERGY,
Professor Schroeder
- SEC. OF VETERINARIANS'
AFFAIRS,
Rover

Student Dies En Route to Nurse's Office

by Bill O'Reilly

MLC MALL— Sophomore Ken Terry, a transfer physical education major from Arizona Lutheran Academy, was found dead Thursday night in a snowdrift outside of Concord Hall. Investigators at the scene report that the sophomore froze to death while attempting to make the trek to the Wittenburg Collegiate Center through blizzard-like conditions and subzero temperatures.

At approximately 7:27 on the last day of classes, Ken Terry woke up with "a really bad tummyache," according to roommate Chet Unger. After feeling Ken's head and finding that he was

"burning up," the motherly roommate advised Ken to stay home from classes, especially because of the inclement weather. "Golly, there was no reason for him to go to classes like that. He'd get the whole darn school sick, even if he did make it through the cold," said Chet.

After much persuasion from Chet, Ken decided his effeminate roommate was probably right. Ken needed to get some rest for the coming week of finals. "Then Ken was just gonna go to bed, but I said, 'Hey mister, you need to go tell the nurse you're not feeling good,'" reported the pragmatic Chet.

The rest of the story has been reconstructed from gathered evidence. An obviously disoriented Ken, having put on sweatpants, mismatched shoes, and his choir gown, attempted to make the journey to the nurse's office. He only made it halfway there, and the blowing winds covered up his remains. Passerby Jamie Verlangenhver found the body later that night. "Yeah, I saw a corner of his stole peeking out of the snow," said Jamie.

School officials are looking into how this situation can be averted in the future, and a grieving Chet is still looking for a new room partner.

Student of Western Civ I Eager to Begin Western Civ II

by Troy McClure

CONCORD HALL—As most students at MLC eagerly anticipate the end of the semester, one student is dreading it. Freshman Eric Schmidt, a student in Professor Hartwig's Western Civilization I class, is not looking forward to his vacation. "I've been working so hard in this class that I don't want it to end," said Schmidt.

The freshman claims that he does not want to leave his study of history in "a cloud of uncertainty." Apparently Schmidt would rather not wait to see what happens after 14 AD, the latest date covered by Western Civ I. "I know that Augustus' reign ends in 14, but I don't know what happens next. I've heard there are up to twelve Caesars, but I'm not sure. I don't think I will be able to enjoy Christmas until I know."

Not only is Schmidt eager to see how many Caesars go on to rule Rome, he is also excited

about the Neoclassicism Period. "After four months of Professor Hartwig stressing how influential the Greek and Roman cultures have been throughout history, I am dying to see their direct correlation to English literature written between 1660 and 1780."

Schmidt is even eager to learn more about the Reformation. "Okay, I know all about that Martin Luther guy, but I know nothing about the events surrounding his life. I mean—Is the Reformation of the 16th century just a movement within Western Christendom to purge the church of medieval abuses and to restore the doctrines and practices that the reformers believed conformed with the Bible and the New Testament model of the church? And I know that the causal factors involved in the Reformation were complex and interdependent—But to what extent did changes in the intellectual and political climate at the time contribute to the movement?"

In light of such profound eagerness, Professor Hartwig is calling for patience. "It's so nice to see students eager to learn, but they must also learn self-control. I advise them to go home and enjoy the Holidays, then come back and find out what happened after 14 AD. History really isn't as important as I sometimes say it is."

Despite such urging, Schmidt and other freshmen are considering taking matters into their own hands. "Some classmates and I might be getting together in the library on December 20th. I've been told that certain books there will be able to tell us what happens. We will look at those books, then we will know."

If Schmidt fails in his attempt, he will wait like everyone else for Western Civ II. "And if I can't find out what happened, I will begin my countdown to Western Civ II." The countdown would inevitably culminate with the commencement of classes on January 8th.

Future Teacher Fails Public Speaking Class

by Anne Hathoway

WCC—On Monday, December 18, Sophomore Sarah Steinbeck officially failed to meet the requirements of Introduction to Public Speaking. The average scores of her speeches, along with the results of the final exam released on Monday, reveal that Steinbeck was only 53 percent competent in the area of public speaking.

Professor Monday apparently felt that Sarah did not exhibit the minimum essential skills of speaking in public. "No, I'm not going to pass her. Umm...Is this one of those stupid school newspaper human-interest pieces? I don't care what you think, she ain't passin' my class!" Monday went on to say that despite most students viewing his course as unimportant and "cake," some effort is needed to pass Public Speaking. "I know that this course doesn't really give any practical skills to MLC students, but they should

at least put in the time and effort. You never know when they might have to speak in front of an audience."

Steinbeck is very distraught over the whole ordeal. She claims that, since the class really has nothing to do with her future career as a teacher, Monday should pass her. "Who does this guy think he is? I'm here to concentrate on practical classes like Music Theory and Badminton/Bowling. I'm not here to waste my time on pointless classes. He should just pass me so I can move on with my studies," said Steinbeck. Others, including classmate John Smith, sympathize with her. "I really don't know what all the fuss is about. What could she possibly gain by being forced to speak clearly and confidently in front of a class? I mean, I was in the class with her and she wasn't all that bad. I really didn't

understand what she was trying to say, but she looked good doing it," said Smith.

Public Speaking's apparent lack of direct application to MLC students' lives has called into question the value of the class. There is currently a movement to omit the course from the new curriculum, but Registrar Stoltz seems reluctant to remove Public Speaking from the list of offered classes for next year. "I realize that there is a consensus among the faculty that the course is tedious and fruitless, but I view it in the same light as I view Hartwig's Western Civilization. It weeds out the stupid students."

The new curriculum will be revealed sometime in the spring. Meanwhile, three new sections of Public Speaking will undergo the scrutiny that others, like Steinbeck, have endured.

Mysterious Blue Dessert Cup Brings Joy to Troubled Freshman

by Jim Rome

CAFETERIA—On Friday, December 15, at 12:01 pm, freshman Emily Richardson encountered a little bit of happiness in her otherwise dull and meaningless life. This bit of happiness happened to be one of the blue dessert cups, which have mysteriously appeared sometime during this last semester.

Emily had just taken her Introduction to Computers final with Professor Grunwald when she decided to go to the cafeteria. "That computer test took me the whole two hours and boy, did it leave me famished!" said Richardson, who continued her journey to the cafeteria.

On her way, she realized that none of her friends were going to be there. "I saw Becky and Anne and Tim were done like around 11:30. They're really fast with computers, so I remem-

bered that they would already be done eating by the time I'd get there."

Emily decided to go to lunch anyway because she was really hungry. The freshman made a sandwich and went to the other side and sat in a booth, where she ate her meal. The sandwich was good, but there was a taste of loneliness in Emily's mouth. "There I was all by myself with no one to talk to. There were a lot of people down there too and I felt really embarrassed and very lonely."

In order to fill the emptiness in the pit of her stomach, Emily resorted to what a lot of women do—eating chocolate pudding. She went and randomly grabbed a dessert dish, which turned out to be one of the blue ones. "I reached down and there it was!" said Emily. Apparently that blue cup restored the freshman's will to live. "The sight of that subtly

translucent blue cup made me realize that I need to be like that blue cup. I too need to see through my problems and realize that my life is filled with chocolaty goodness."

Throughout the semester, many others have reported having their gloomy and hopeless lives being renewed by the mysterious blue cups. When asked about the cups, Food Services Director Gary Schwichtenberg gave this comment, "We too are mystified by the blue cups. We don't know who put them here. It couldn't have been a student. I mean, who ever heard of students actually giving dishes to the cafeteria?"

Regardless of the source, the mysterious blue cups will inevitably bring joy to the lives of many, just like they did for Emily Richardson.

Editorial: "Man, I Can't Waits for X-mas"

by Barry McKotskie



Man, I's don't know if I can take this anymore. These twelve credits are just gettin' me down. I just can't make my membrain work no mo'. Like last week—man, what a trip. Me and my boys, we was just hangin' out at the library, just like checkin' out some mags, when I remembers that I gots to do that essay. I likes that word, man—esssay. So I goes down to the typewriters to start my essayy, but theys all full. So I like goes up to Jimmy and I's like, "Man, I just wants to share my nowlij witha worl' man." He's like, "Word. Lemme just log offa MTV online." So I starts this real hard essayy (two whole pages, y'all) on Bloody Mary. I thought it was gonna bite cuz it wasn't bout the drink,

but, man, she cold. She, like, totally my favrit fikshun'l character now. So I gets done wit my essayy, and then I sees I gots too mo'. I's like man, at X-mas mama don't make me do nothin', and I gets presents for it. Like last year, man, I gots this kickin' sub that really lets me appreshiate ODB. Man, that sub rocked for the to weeks til I blew it out. Anyways, after a gruling hour, I finely get done wit my other too essayyys. I's like man, I got to go ress. So the moreal of my tail is I can't waits til I gets to go back to my hood. La-X foreva, y'all!