



THE CABBAGE



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WEEK ONE

Five brave students and one insane professor begin a thrilling and brutal contest of survival. We don't accept Darwinian theory here at MLC, but this is definitely natural selection at its best.

Vote for the one person you would most desire to be banished from the game.

You may vote only once at MLCabbage@hotmail.com.

Enjoy.

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WELS Accused of Selective Breeding

(AP) MINNEAPOLIS—In a startling announcement, the combined forces of the Lutheran Church-Missouri Synod (LCMS) and the Evangelical Lutheran Church of America (ELCA) accused the Wisconsin Evangelical Lutheran Synod (WELS) of “messing in God’s realm” in an attempt to create genetically superior called workers. The accusation is arousing heated discussion.

The allegations were made public Friday at the conclusion of the weeklong National Lutheran Conference, to which the WELS was strangely not invited. The two major church bodies in attendance, the ELCA and the LCMS, discussed the threat being posed by the significantly smaller Wisconsin Synod. The focus of the Conference’s proceedings Friday dealt with the sudden emergence of the WELS, and specifically Martin Luther College, the WELS school of ministry, as a “haven for ministerial and pedagogical excellence.” The presidents of the large Lutheran synods

made two major presentations, both based on the hypothesis that the WELS is “overtly promoting selective eugenics.” LCMS president Dr. Alvin Barry focused on the scientific aspect of the alleged genetic tampering in relation to religion.

“It seems as if the WELS has stepped over the line in the area of religious prudence regarding genetics. By consistently combining the genes and traits of pastors’ children with teachers’ children, they are attempting to create a legion of genetically superior called workers. Such persons would far outperform other average gospel ministers. A computer-generated model of such a paradigmatic worker yields a being who could work an eighteen-hour day, be both pastor of the church and principal of the school, be the perfect class manager, handle all janitorial and maintenance duties, sing choir solos, play the organ during service (in which he preaches), make the perfect potluck hot dish, and raise a family of twenty-three future ministers, thus extending the superior genetic

strand to another generation. The ramifications of this practice are scary,” said Dr. Barry.

ELCA president Rev. H. George Anderson spoke harshly of the WELS worker training school. “Martin Luther College has become primarily a meeting place for the children of pastors and teachers. Since the amalgamation of the two previously separate training schools, the focus of the college experience has evolved into nothing more than a search for a suitable mate with whom to procreate. The evidence is already piling up against the WELS: unusually high scores on the PPST, so-called ‘emergency’ teachers already out honing their craft before they graduate or even student-teach, and the recently enacted lightening of credit loads to free up more time for fraternizing,” said Rev. Anderson. “This type of selective breeding has been attempted before by villainous Germans back in the ‘40s, and they were dealt with harshly by a just God. MLC and the WELS must be stopped before this can get out of hand.”

Martin Luther College and WELS officials are declining to respond at this time, but an announcement is expected sometime next week. Students were also unavailable for comment at the writing of this article, because most were at a “COS” party held at a secret location off campus.

Cold Temps Freeze Groundhog Day Festivities

NEW ULM—A normally festive and exciting tradition became one of mourning and sadness on Friday when the groundhog saw even less than his shadow—he saw nothing. Groundhog Day coordinators are blaming the extremely cold weather for the death of Hermann the Vermin, the local rodent prognosticator of springtime.

According to tradition, the groundhog emerges every Febru-

ary 2nd from his hut and if he does not see his shadow, an early spring will occur. If he does see his shadow, we can expect another six weeks of winter. This year Hermann the Vermin saw nothing; he had died sometime during the night, apparently from exposure to the extreme cold.

With no clear sign from the groundhog, local weathermen are left guessing. “Even though he technically didn’t see his shadow, I think the nature of Hermann the Vermin’s death is a good indica-

tion that we have at least six more weeks of winter,” said meteorologist Dan Cold. One little girl, petrified at the sight of the frozen-stiff body, agreed, “Yeah, it’s darn cold,” as she choked back tears over Hermann’s lifeless body.

The frigid weather has not only woodchucks scrambling for warm shelter, but other animals as well. “It’s been so cold lately that my nuts are freezing,” said a local squirrel. A mouse concurred, saying, “I’m freezing my tail off, here.” A nearby hawk summed up the cold temperatures best, “this weather is just plain fowl.”

Things Overheard at the Inaugural XFL Games

1. Shut up, Jesse!
2. Hey, Beerman! Do you take foodstamps?
3. YAAH! Go...uh...who are we again? YAAH! Hey, there’s beer!!!!.....ah.....
4. Does the X stand for Xenophon?
5. Whoa! That QB is loud!
6. Yo, Ma! Did you tape Jerry?
7. Hey, number 24 was in my cell block.
8. Uh, what’s the FL stand for?
9. Hey, Ma! Get off the dang roof!

S You're sitting alone taking a Scantron test...your only pencil breaks...there is no pencil sharpener...what do you do?

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KIMBERLY LACHER



My luxury item would have to be soap. There is no way, even if I am alone, I would go around filthy. There is always a need for cleanliness and hygiene. (I am sure a few guys around here could use a tip like that.)

COACH BUCK



Uh, I'd have to say I'd take my volleyball team. Imagine all the island-work that would get done. Plus we could play against other teams in our interisland conference. Or my wife cause she makes a lot of money. Definitely not Dennis.

JOSH NIELSEN



cool whip. you can put it on anything, from pie to tuna even yourself. since i'd be on a dessert island i'd be able to use it all the time. what's that? you said deserted island? oh, a boat named the ss minnow II so i could finish my three-hour tour.

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JOEL VOGEL



I'd bring one of those ab-roller thingys because if you've noticed from watching alot of television there are always hot chicks on deserted islands. There is always a scantily clad native—and you can't rule out the mermaid option. SO I would bring the ab-thingy so I could be buff.

AARON HARTWIG



I'd take you, of course. Seeing you is the highlight of my day. I'd be lost without your soft smile, GQ/Cosmo cover face, and all around winning personality. I can't imagine going a day without eavesdropping on your witty/poignant banter. You're my item--whether at MLC, island, or elsewhere.

SARAH JANKE



Professor Sponholz, without a doubt. He would have the vectors and velocities computed and within 20 minutes we would be off that island. And isn't Antarctica an island? Previous experience is definitely a plus. If he turns me down, I'd bring a Harry Potter book. Entertainment at it's best.

O 2nd Challenge: You're sitting alone taking a Scantron test...your only pencil breaks...there is no pencil sharpener...what do you do?

Students in Pursuit of Winter Carnival

by Irene Peterson

MLC—Several students experienced an emotional letdown last week as their search for the Winter Carnival rendered fruitless. Despite repeated efforts, students could find no sign of a carnival anywhere on the extensive grounds of Martin Luther College.

"There were all these signs all over campus. There were chapel announcements," said one eager freshman. "They all said that a winter carnival was coming last week. But I didn't even see one Ferris wheel."

The Winter Carnival is reportedly held

every year at the beginning of February, as a break from the monotony of the regular school routine. Students, however, have yet to find this supposed carnival. The frustration is shared by upperclassmen as well. "Yeah, there's all this hype every year about a Winter Carnival, but I don't think it's real. I thought I saw some carnies the other day, but it turns out they were just regular old New Ulm townies," said senior Pamela Ross.

Professors of Martin Luther College are trying to help the students in their search for the Winter Carnival. "Well, ya' know, maybe it's

deeper than that. Maybe it's a metaphorical thing, ya' know? I mean, maybe we all have to find the, uh, carnival in each of us, I mean, in our souls, ya' know, I don't know, what do you think?" said Professor Schroeder.

Whatever the case may be, disappointment was expressed by many in the student body. Said freshman Tommy Winslow, "I had really been looking forward to this carnival I'd heard so much about. It was one of my main reasons for coming to MLC. I'm the man at ring toss!"

As the search continues for the mysteriously hidden Winter Carnival, MLC students vow to keep practicing the ring toss and keep an eye out for bearded ladies.

Editorial: "What are intermurals?"

by Professor Bruce Manchester III



My tenure here at Martin Luther College recently reached the ten-year zenith and I feel that it is time that I remonstrate the inherent inanity of the student body, which is made indicative by a certain phrase that has been stinging my aural sensors.

Being quite an Olympian in my own right, I believe in the intrinsic benefits of conventional physical activity; however, when vile semantical baggage is transported through the corridors of

this fine institution of higher learning as a direct result of aforementioned physical activity, one who considers himself a defender of the proper limpiness of the English language—as I do—must dissent. The cause of my dissension is the verbal utterance, "intermurals." Exempli gratia: "Hello, Sam." "Hello, Bill, what are you doing?" "Oh, just sitting back, getting ready for intermurals." Was ist eine intermural? Looking at the Latin roots of this supposed word, we see that *inter* means "between" or "among," and *murals* come from *murus*, "wall." Etymologically, we must conclude that "intermural" refers to games which are played among a series of walls—a

preposterous and farcical notion, to say the least. With such a daft picture in mind, I find it extremely difficult to believe that such a phrase is not followed by piercing, embarrassed laughter directed at the imbeciles who so foolishly utter such a non-word.

No, I am not as "out of it" as a number of my students may have so delicately informed you; I realize that when one says "intermurals," he intends to say "intramurals." Referring to the Latin roots again, we see that *intra* means "within." Ergo, "intramurals" refers to games which are played within the walls, namely, the walls of our school. I yearn that this modest passage has edified you non-Latinists. For those of you so blessed with having learned the tongue on which the Romance languages are based, I see no excuse and will expect no less than full compliance to the proper usage of Latin prepositions.

Class dismissed.