

"Pictures take up lots of space"



THE CABBAGE



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We're lonely. Email us at:
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THE 1ST ANNUAL PROFFY AWARDS

Lifetime Achievement Award:

Instructor Nolte

Rookie-of-the-Year Award:

Prof. Hartwig

Wendland-of-the-Year Award:

Prof. Wendland

Bachelor-of-the-Year Award:

Prof. Wittmershaus

Self-Proclaimed Arbiter of

Literary Excellence Award:

Prof. Czer

Primus Inter Pares Award:

President Olsen

Secundus Inter Pares Award:

VP Schone

Look for more Proffy Awards next week.



Big Bad CNN Correspondent
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McDonald's Trivia Game Increases Local Man's Knowledge, Cholesterol

NEW ULM—New Ulm native Earl Siger has been gaining a lot of knowledge and cholesterol by playing McDonald's version of the hit television show "Who Wants to be a Millionaire?". Siger has so far correctly answered over one hundred questions without using a lifeline, but his doctor is getting worried.

"Who Wants to be a Millionaire?" has been ABC's top show for over a year. Contestants on the show vie for "the hot seat" and then answer trivia questions of increasing difficulty. McDonald's restaurants, known worldwide for their fine Scottish cuisine, initiated their own version of the game on April 19th. Game cards are located on medium, large, and super-size French fry boxes. Those consuming the fat-fried potato products answer a multiple-choice trivia question and, if answered correctly, win either food or cash prizes.



Over the past few weeks, Siger has been playing fervently. "I can't help myself. I have such a vast hunger for knowledge...and French fries," said Siger. The forty-six-year-old New Ulm Man claims to have correctly answered more than one hundred questions so far. Local McDonald employees are quick to back up his claim. "Yeah, he's in here all the time

playing and eating. I've never seen him get one wrong. He even got that one about Denzel Washington. Sometimes he helps out other customers with their questions and fries. He's really gained a lot," said crew chief Charles Hartwig.

Siger's massive appetite for the game has caused him to consume large amounts of knowledge and has caused his brain to digest information more efficiently, helping to increase his I.Q. from 105 to 134. "You wouldn't believe how much I've gained from playing this game. Ask me any common knowledge question and provide me with the correct answer along with three ridiculous ones and chances are I'll get it right. Even students from the college are impressed with me. To tell you the truth, most of them get 'em wrong half the time," said Siger.

While his I.Q. has jumped nearly thirty points, his waistline has also increased by almost five inches. This corresponds to Siger's dangerous level of cholesterol, which has risen by over forty-five milligrams. "I play to get smarter, but I do like the fries, too," admitted Siger. "Apparently they're not the most healthy food in the world. My doc says I should lay off the cholesterol rich foods for a while, but I tell him that McSalads don't come with no game cards. Then he says, 'Is that your final answer?' and snickers. Then I tell him that if I hear him say another lame 'Who Wants to be a Millionaire?' joke, I'll wipe that Grimace right off his face."

According to Siger's physician, the man's



insatiable appetite for knowledge and French fries may hurt him in the long run. "He's been in pretty good health his whole life. He hasn't had to use a lifeline yet, but if he stays in that hot seat much longer, he may have to phone a friend, i.e., Mr. Angioplasty at extension 911. If that doesn't work, I'd say he has a 50/50 chance. He should walk away...for at least thirty minutes, three times a week," said Dr. Robertson.

Mr. Trite Conversation Starter of the Week

"Clever ideas to break the ice and make that great first impression"



"Man, can you believe that we only have one week of school left? I (only) have (3/4/5/6/7) exams. They're going to be pretty (hard/easy). How 'bout you?"

Theologian Asserts Jesus Christ “Probably not a Lutheran”

ST. LOUIS—Young theologian John Markson shook the foundations of the Lutheran world on Sunday by revealing that Jesus Christ, the Savior of mankind, was most likely not a Lutheran. Lutheran church leaders in attendance met the idea with a cool reception.

Reverend Markson revealed his controversial claims in a paper presented at Concordia Lutheran College in St. Louis, Missouri, as part of the proceedings of the 2001 National Lutheran Conference of Champions. The basic argument of Markson’s paper was closely related to empirical evidence regarding the chronology of Biblical and Reformation history. Here is an excerpt of Markson’s presentation:

“. . . that the long-held assertion that Christ was indeed a strident follower of the teachings of Martin Luther is inherently fallacious. It is conceded that Jesus Christ did hold to the basic “sola gratia” teachings of the Great Reformer,

but basic historical sequence shows that Luther and Christ probably never even met. There is no mention of such a momentous meeting in any of Luther’s prodigious corpus, the distance between Nazareth and Germany at the technology-deficient time of Christ was tremendous, and Christ’s upbringing would not have included a schooling in any of the Germanic dialects.”

Markson’s paper elicited immediate vehement response by the Lutheran church leaders in attendance. “Anyone who has studied the Scriptures even a little bit can see that Luther’s teachings on justification had a great impact on Christ’s work. I believe that this new brand of Marksonism is a heresy against Luther of the worst kind,” said LCMS president Dr. Alvin Barry.

Others at the conference, including ELS Pastor John Hjorkstaad, sought to discredit Markson by claiming faulty theological logic. “Markson’s

claims that Christ was not a Lutheran are based solely on worldly logic. His claims that the lifespans of the two men do not correlate is not based on anything but history. Nowhere in the Smalcald Articles, the Ninety-Five Theses, or any of Luther’s wonderful hymn texts do we see mention of Christ not being a Lutheran,” said Hjorkstaad.

Markson also incited boos and catcalls from the conservative crowd with his assertion that Christ was actually more “catholic” than “Lutheran.”

“What good was Luther then?” questioned one observer. “Why would God have given us His Reformer if there was no need for one?”

Despite criticism, Reverend Markson is standing by his paper. “I think another important aspect that I just thought of, which I didn’t bring up in the presentation, is the fact that Luther lived approximately 1500 years after Christ. Yeah. That feels important.”

The Cabbage Response for The Knight’s Page Contest

Uh, we think we do it. Because we’ve experienced several occasions of time-loss this past school year. And because we used to just sit in our rooms and complain about how we don’t have girlfriends, but now we just talk about how, if chicks knew we did this, we’d get lots of action. And because every Thursday morning

we wake up with printer ink all over all clothes and our fingers are blistered from the rigorous job of typesetting. That and our grades seem to have fallen considerably. And I’ve got this box full of green shirts in my room and I don’t remember buying any green shirts—at least not that green. Plus our families all wear

those stupid shirts that say ‘I write The Cabbage.’ and I know they don’t do it. I think they’re really angry at us for not putting our meager talents to better use. So we think we write the Cabbage. Us or Dan Tess. Maybe Vogel, that would make more sense. So what do we win? Oh crap, I hope this is under 200 words.

Editorial: “I can’t find my dorm code!”

by Billy Miller



Hey fellow collegians! It’s Billy again. I know it’s been a while since our last visit, but it was really hard to type for a while there. I sprained my knuckle in intramural volleyball really bad trying to do the patented “Billy Fister” hit. It usually works great cuz no one knows where it’s gonna go, but this time it was just

pure pain. I guess that’s the price I pay for being an athlete.

Anyways, that’s enough about endocrinology. I have a big problem that I want everyone to help me with. Last Friday night I was in Mankato at a movie with my roommate. (In case you were wondering, I’m not seeing that girl anymore.

Things didn’t work out. She said I was too reckless. Oh well. She was hardly related to anyone in the WELS anyway. Only like four relatives who were called workers.) Have you seen “Joe Dirt” yet? Awesome. It really makes you think. So the late movie gets over and it’s already really late—like 11:30. We want to get home real soon, so that we can get some sleep and wake up early for Disney’s One Saturday Morning. So we get back at about 12:15 IN THE MORNING, and I look in my wallet for my dorm code, but it’s not there! I must have dropped it sometime between August 29 and last Friday. I’m sure it just slipped out of my wallet, because the Velcro is coming undone, and it’s getting harder to keep my change in there.

So this is my plea to the school: If anyone has seen a slip of paper with a dorm code and my name on it, please return it to Concord Hall, room 213. Or, you could send it via intracampus mail to box 425.

Now I haven’t actually had to use my dorm code before this, cuz I always plan ahead and get in before midnight, not like some people. (Yes, John, I’m talking about you!) But you never know, I could have an emergency. And I don’t want it to get into the wrong hands, cuz then jeepers, anyone could get into Concord and steal my Playstation or stamp collection or Divers CDs.

Well that’s enough about sad, scary things. How’s everyone’s spring going? Mine’s going great! I love the fresh air outside. The darned sun always kinda gets to me, though. This SPF 75 stuff I got from Kmart just isn’t strong enough to keep me from turning bright red and peeling all over my room (That’s why Ma calls me “Billysnake”—cuz she says I get rid of my winter layer in spring). Spring is great too cuz the spirit of love is in the air. The old BillyLove Radar gets turned up a few notches every spring, so beware ladies. I’ll always risk sunburn and eventual melanoma to make sure the pretty women of the WELS get a chance to see all 133 pounds of pure, ripped Billy. See ya Lata, Alligataz!