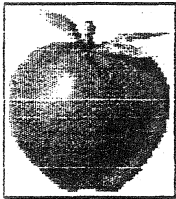


CWOD GAZETTE

STS. RAPHAEL AND GABRIEL, PRAY FOR US! —
MERRY CHRISTMAS FROM ALL THE STAFF!

DECEMBER 10, 1996

The Real Beef about the Meal Scene



Carro-Bomba (CP) — Let's face it — life revolves around food. Better food means happier people. Thus, a study has been undertaken in an

effort to expose any problems with our feeding system.

Breakfast — This is supposedly the most important meal of the day, but after extensive scientific research involving the lab in CWOD 15 and a spy network of invisible ninja-warriors, we have found this statement to be fallacious, at least here at Christendom.

To see this proof in action, all one has to do is travel to the Commons around 7:45 AM and count the number of people eating. On average, less than 30 percent of the student body partakes in the wonders of breakfast each day. This is only a handful of students, yet all of us (not including the blessed few who can afford to be off the meal plan) are forced to pay for a meal that most of us don't eat. I myself can count the number of times I have eaten breakfast here on my fingers, which is less than nine (since the Cwod war, and all), yet I *pay* for this meal; around \$2.66, for a grand total of over \$200 for breakfast

alone in one semester. I don't know about you, but I could use that extra \$200, either to help cure childhood diseases in impoverished nations, or buy a semester's worth of cigarettes.

My solution — Never serve breakfast again! Seriously, I think the school should offer a choice between a three meal a day plan and a two meal a day plan. This could easily be done with color coded punch cards: red for people who eat two meals, green for those who eat three, and blue for those who just want hard liquor. This would also stop people not on the meal plan from eating, which, according to Kitchen Intelligence, is a big problem, although I've never really noticed. Besides, wouldn't you rather get sleep than breakfast? Answer this question after a week of constant papers and tests.

Lunch — Everyone eats lunch; it is the staple Christendom meal. Yet, one must ask why do they sometimes serve dinner foods at lunch? I personally don't want a casserole or some kind of stew; that is saved for dinner in my household. Lunch should consist of sandwiches and the like. Gyros should be served constantly, as should burgers and tacos (When was the last time you saw a taco at this school?), and all meat products should be properly cooked, which means **NOT RED IN THE MIDDLE!** Many a valiant student has been utterly defeated by uncooked burgers. Anyway, this is the type of lunch foods most Americans (and I guess Canadians too) were brought up on.

I have a couple more questions about lunch. First, what ever happened to that lunch-meat bar? This was the best
cont. page 3.

America Secularizes Christmas

Sinatra (CP) — Well, it's "that time of year" again, and this season, more than ever, Christmas is being commercialized. In this special time of year known, even to non-Catholics, as Advent, people tend to excessively focus on the secular side of Christmas. The malls are packed with shoppers buying gifts for their friends and relatives.

The exploitation of Christmas as a secular shopping event is tremendous. Many of you that work in retail stores are very familiar with the fact that many such stores make more than fifty percent of their annual income during the Christmas season. I once worked in a toy and hobby store where the manager told me that he makes two thirds of his stores' annual income during this time of year—a minimum of \$600,000 between two stores. Welcome to the working world!

Why so much focus on the secular side of Christmas? This unbalance is primarily due to the immorality of modern culture. Much of the modern "Christian" world ignores what Christmas is all about—the celebration of the birth of the most important person in history, Jesus Christ. They transform it into a purely secular holiday—a time to eat lots of food, spoil your children, and decorate your yard. Santa, instead of Christ, is now the center of attention. "St. Nicholas? Who's that?" All the symbols of Christmas, such as the tree, for example, are no

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longer understood in their Christian significance.

This is not to say that there is anything wrong with the traditional giving of gifts on Christmas. One just shouldn't let the material overrule the spiritual. Remember in whose name we give these gifts, and celebrate the birth of the Son of God!

This Christmas, try to spiritually re-focus yourself on what, or rather *who*, the "reason for the season" is. Also, pray for those who have let the *true joy of Christmas* slip out of their lives.

PDA Pursuit

Valentine (CP) — As the most controversial rule on campus, the *ban of all public displays of affection* must again be addressed. Let's face it, the faculty just wants us all to enter the religious life!



It makes sense though, that if there was a lot more love on this campus there would be a

lot less hate. This is why I have composed a top ten list of excuses to use if you are caught committing these acts in public:

1. Christ commanded me to love my neighbor as myself.
2. It was dark and I didn't want her to trip.
3. I felt faint and needed to put my arm around her to remain standing.
4. His hand (or body) was cold and I was warming it.
5. I was suffering from a lack of human touch.
6. We're making a statement against homosexuality.
7. I was trying to read his palm without looking.

8. If the Rices can hold hands, why can't we?

9. I needed her to stop me from shaking violently due to a caffeine overdose.

10. I didn't think anyone was looking.

Finally, hold firm in your faith in PDA and realize that five dollars is a small price to pay for countless moments of enjoyment with the one you love.



Ask Bud Wiser - the Master of Love.

Q. There's this Champion girl I *really* like, and I've tried every nice thing a man can do to get her attention (helping her study, opening doors, poetry... you name it!). But she still ignores me. HELP! [Mike Onan — St. Joe's]

A. Mike, it's obvious that you have no clue how to properly gain womanage. If you keep up that kind of behavior, some evil freshman will wrap you around her finger and make you talk about (brace yourself) "marriage." That is not good. Men need women that they can date for less than a month (AT MOST!) Guys must date at least 10 girls a year to attain the magical "womanage" status, which is akin to Nirvana or Camelot. Here are some helpful hints.

— Throw water at women constantly, messing up their nicest clothes. (Do this from 2nd story windows).

— Run up behind women and wrestle them to the floor. If they act like they got hurt, remember that they are just trying to help you feel manly.

— Raid their rooms (be destructive). This shows them that you are a ninja. They will swoon at your prowess and probably plan a counter-raid to show appreciation.

— If you find out she likes you, be meaner. Ignore her. Watch football. Soon she will pine.

— After you begin to date, hang out with the guys constantly.

— Christmas present? A snowball in the kisser!

Well I hope this helps! Any man (especially tall thin athletic gentlemen) can attain womanage. And remember, if you need any examples of this behavior, you can always watch the guys of St. Francis. Good luck and Merry Christmas!

New CD Warning Labels

Mad Wåg (CP) — An organization which called itself the Parents' Music Resource Center, headed by a woman with the unfortunate name of Tipper Gore, had pressured record companies into placing warning labels



on albums with potentially offensive lyrics. These labels included: "X," for profane, violent, or sexually explicit lyrics; "O," for occult lyrics; and "D/S" if the song mentioned drugs or alcohol.

Now this is the kind of moral victory that looks good on the front page, but the only thing accomplished is ulcers in record company executives. When CD's have these labels, who is going to read them? Do mom and dad spend a lot of time browsing down at the music shop? Do mom and dad spend a lot of time looking at little Junior's CD collection? Maybe if you're Tipper Gore you have time for these things, but most moms and dads are too busy putting dinner on the table. So,

who will read these warning labels? Kids!

An "X" label on an album by, say, the "Lust Doggies," will *increase* record sales, if anything. Unless your kids are tone-deaf or perfect, they'll listen to whatever the other kids are listening to — that's a teenage fact of life. Listen, if one insists of putting warning labels on records, keep morality out of it, and keep the judgements purely critical.

The group REM, for example, would get a "P" for *pompous*. Sting gets a "PR" for *pretentious*; Pearl Jam a "S" for *stupid*; Alanis Morissette, and "I/M" — *in it for the money*; and Green Day gets a "CP" for *creepy posers*. We can have a "D" for *derivative*, a "B" for *boring*, "TMS" for *too many synthesizers*, "CS" for *can't sing*, "NPL" for *needs piano lessons*, and "PC" to indicate a *Prince clone*. "OP" means *over produced*, and "UFM" means *untalented fashion model*.

For the advanced consumer, I've got "BVOMTV" for *bad video on MTV*; I've got "PMACTM" for *pays more attention to clothes than music*; "DLTALSA" — *doing the same thing as last seventeen albums*; "CROSYHTYA" — *cynical rehash of song you heard twenty years ago*; and, of course, "OCWAMTMMTQ" — *old guys who are making to much money to quit*.

Put me on the job, America, and I'll protect our youth. As for the artist formerly known as Prince, who seems to be the big villain on everybody's list, anybody who can write a song like "Raspberry Beret" can be forgiven a lot of things, including being "X," "O," "D/A," "P" and, of course, "CMAHBSWCOATA" — *coy mysticism and half-baked sensuality which can only appeal to adolescence*. Squeeze that onto your label, America!

Real Beef, cont. from pg. 1.

idea the kitchen ever had. Well, through intensive espionage and research we have found the answer. It was too expensive. No one was eating the main meal (usually a casserole) and the meat bar cost more. I say, if the students liked it, keep it. It was easy to serve some lunch foods and a meat bar, everyone loved it, and it's healthier, too.

Second, what is up with the peanut butter? It looks like melted wax with sand in it. *Finast* Peanut Butter it is not. It turns out that the one and only supplier of the kitchen ran out of *Peter Pan* and bought some generic brand. Now they refuse to sell the good stuff until this no-name garbage is gone. The solution is to go to Martin's and buy all the quality peanut butter you can find; then bring it to lunch in *protest*.

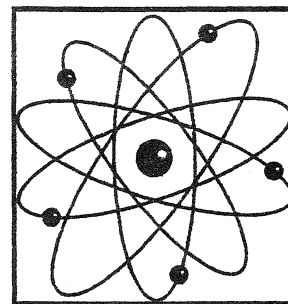
Dinner — There are not many problems with dinner. Usually, it's good food, except on Friday. The only problem with Friday food is that sometimes they get confused and serve breakfast instead. I know working in the kitchen is hard, but it's not easy to mix up breakfast and dinner.

Finally, there is the subject of sick plates. Lately they have only been giving out soup and crackers. Come on! People would rather eat the food being served than soup. Besides, you're paying \$2.66 a meal and all you're getting is chicken noodle? This tremendous act of cruelty was tried last year and was destroyed by the leader of the student body, Mr. Brown, who said it was unfair to give the sick student only soup.

Being sick is not a crime to be punished. I know, sometimes the person isn't really sick, and doesn't like going all the way to the Commons to eat, but if a friend is willing to pick them up a sick plate, what's the problem? It is a fear that students will *say* that their friend is sick to get away with another helping for themselves. Why? We can get second helpings anyway. Who cares if we bring it back to our rooms? We have Fridges. Besides, school food doesn't taste good reheated, as we all

know by experience on left-over days, which seem to be occurring more often. Could that be because the food that is left over was not popular enough to be eaten? (Like those grass-cheese sandwiches. What's up with that? We are not cattle).

In conclusion, I hope everyone will check their food for poison, as I'm sure the kitchen staff will try to kill anyone that they assume was involved in the writing of this article. Happy eating!



Ask Dr. Science

Q. Dear Dr. Science: How do they get pretzels to... "do that?" (Bob Guccione, Jr., New York, NY)

A. Pretzel is a German word, which roughly translated means "Troll Doughnut." Pretzels were not made, but were found in a cave in medieval Bavaria by Trappist monks, who had wandered there in search of salt. Pretzels are crystals, technically, and the pretzel shape is a magnification of the Pretzel molecule.

There are several other related minerals. A cave in what is now North Dakota yielded the first "shredded wheat." A volcanic fissure in Yosemite holds the worlds only source of "triscuit." These naturally occurring crystals have amazed scientists for centuries, and only recently have we manufactured synthetics. These have the same function as pretzels, but it will be years before science can totally replace naturally occurring snack foods.

Q. Dear Dr. Science: What is the best defended animal in the world? (Bob Johnson, Minneapolis, MN)

A. How do animals defend themselves? To keep from being eaten, birds learned to fly, the chameleon developed a skin that matches its surroundings, and man invented the machine gun.

If there was any animal that had completely mastered self defense, it would have been the now extinct poison-skunkupine of Moritavia. About the size of a large racoon, it was completely covered with poisonous spines, including the soles of its feet and the insides of its mouth. From the size of its teeth, one would believe it had a vicious bite. It possessed a horribly noxious smelling oil which it could spit, spray, or ooze while it just stood there.

With this kind of a defense, how could this species die out? Think about it. Would you mate with a poison-skunkupine? The species evolved to a state where it was actually repulsed by its own kind.

Q. Dear Dr. Science: As a member of "The Future Farmers of America," I've always been baffled by one question. Could you tell me: how do boneless chickens reproduce? (Chuck Dangler, Davis, CA)

A. Boneless chickens are incapable of love as we know it. Chickens with bones aren't much in the love department either. They are as close to a vegetable as a bird can get. As a matter of fact, the scientific name for chicken is "aerodynamicus sticklems" or "fast turnip."

The boneless chicken is a freak among freaks. While others chickens peck and scratch, boneless chickens flop around in the dirt. Science could make a study of the mating habits of the boneless chickens, but that means science would have to *observe* boneless chickens. Maybe watching boneless chickens flop around in the dirt is your idea of a good time, but science has much better things to do, thank you.

Q. As a frequent pen pal with many people overseas I've often wondered: who invented the four color pen? (Joe French, Utica, NY)

A. That would be Johannes Bic, a Slavic inventor who, in 1957, developed a 26 color pen designed to give a different color for each letter of the English alphabet. A complicated and cumbersome Soviet computer aided this pen by recognizing each letter as it was written. Unfortunately, the computer, being Soviet, was as large as a pick-up truck and tended to shimmy and smoke whenever the pen went over six letters.

This made post card writing both colorful and impossible. The entire 26 color system was abandoned in 1963 for the present four color pen, which still remains one of the most useless inventions of all time, but at least it fits in your pocket.



Horoscopes for Life - (or at least college!)

Make sure you look up your amazing horoscope for college life! (Note: these aren't serious, so lighten up!)

Aries (Mar. 21 — Apr. 19) —

One day, out of the blue, you realize that you want to be a lumberjack, leaping from tree to tree. The only problem is, since you sleep all night and you work all day, your classes are starting to suffer. This causes you to dress in women's clothing and hang around in bars.

Taurus (Apr. 20 — May 20) —

To your horror, you wake up one morning to see Barney sleeping next to you. He says: "Good morning boys and girls, today I feel like singing." Then, out of nowhere, the Politically Correct kindergarten students come in and start singing, "I love you. You love me. We're all one big, happy family" What the hell, join in!

Gemini (May 21 — June 20) —

You are reincarnated as a hamster. You are beautiful and healthy, and the little girl who owns you takes good care of you and loves you deeply. Bite her.

Cancer (June 21 — July 22) —

When school is out for the summer, you'll need a job. Join the ranks of the skilled, at the post office. After several weeks of stressful employment, you crack. Radishes are now your best friend. You realize that they have many nutritional values, and besides, they match the pink chiffon dress you bought last week.

Leo (July 23 — Aug. 22) —

While trying to register for the spring semester, you bump into an old friend who moved to Andorra during high school. Say, that chump still owes you fifty cents. Beat the snot out of him and take his place in line.

Virgo (Aug. 23 — Sept. 22) —

Dissatisfied with Christianity, you feel compelled to start your own religion. Name it after yourself. Dress up in something nice: a chain mail skirt and a green blazer. Go to class and start chanting Monty Python songs. Claim that you are using this to improve your self-esteem and people will flock to you. To gain more popularity, sacrifice your roommate to Neiru the carrot god.

Libra (Sept. 23 — Oct. 22) —

You are reincarnated as a hamster. You are beautiful and healthy, and the little girl who owns you takes care of you and loves you deeply. You will be dead within a week.

Scorpio (Oct. 23 — Nov. 21) —

One afternoon, you snap. Vegetables must die! In order to satisfy your vegetable-induced insanity, go play

street hockey with an eggplant. Make tomatoes suffer, force them to watch "The Brady Bunch." Go to the dining hall and burn the salad bar. Make sure you dress as a piece of steak.

Sagittarius (Dec. 22 — Jan. 19) —

You start reading Plato's Republic, and become infinitely wise. You travel around the world spreading your knowledge, until you meet Plato himself, only a few thousand years old. The two of you play Super Nintendo.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 — Feb. 18) —

You are reincarnated as a hamster. You are ugly and crippled and live a long, torturous life until your owners, who hate you anyway, flush you down the toilet. You survive the excursion, nearly drowning a dozen times, until your miserable existence is ended in the sewage purification plant.

Pisces (Feb. 19 — March 20) —

Good times are a'coming. The local mayor decides to name the town after you. Your teachers find you intelligent and give you straight A's. You meet a very attractive and wonderful person and fall in love. Then aliens abduct you for medical experimentation, and command you to save the vegetables. Beware a person in a steak costume with a torch.

Saint Nicholas

By now most of you readers have learned at least a few of the legends surrounding this issue's saint, *St. Nicholas*. Here is a historical account of this awesome saint, as given from Butler's Lives of the Saints.

He is said to have been born at Patara in Lycia, a province of Asia Minor. Myra, the capital, not far from the sea, was an episcopal see, and this church falling vacant, the holy Nicholas was chosen bishop, and in that station became famous by his extraordinary piety and zeal and many astonishing miracles. The Greek histories of his life agree that he suffered imprisonment for the faith and made a glorious confession in the latter part of the persecution

raised by Diocletian, and that he was present at the Council of Nicaea and there condemned Arianism. He died at Myra, and was buried in his cathedral.

This summary account tells us all that is known about the life of the famous Nicholas, and even a little more: for his episcopate at Myra during the fourth century is really all that seems indubitably authentic. Nevertheless, the universal popularity of the saint for so many centuries requires that some account of the legends should be given here.

His parents died when he was a young man, leaving him well off, and he determined to devote his inheritance to works of charity. An opportunity soon arose. A citizen of Patara had lost all his money, and had moreover to support three daughters who could not find husbands because of their poverty; he was going to give them over to prostitution. This came to the ears of Nicholas, who thereupon took a bag of gold and, under cover of darkness, threw it in at the open window of the man's house. Here was a dowry for the eldest girl, and she was soon duly married. At intervals Nicholas did the same for the second and the third; at the last time the father was on the watch, recognized his benefactor, and overwhelmed him with gratitude. It would appear that the three purses, represented in pictures, came to be mistaken for the heads of three children, and so they gave rise to the absurd story of the children, rescued by the saint, who had been killed by an innkeeper and pickled in a brine-tub.

St. Methodius asserts that 'thanks to the teaching of St. Nicholas the metropolis of Myra alone was untouched by the filth of the Arian heresy, which it firmly rejected as death-dealing poison,' but says nothing of his presence at the Council of Nicaea in 325. According to other traditions he was not only there but so far forgot himself as to give the heresiarch Arius a slap in the face. Whereupon the conciliar fathers deprived him of his episcopal insignia and committed him to prison: but our Lord

and His Mother appeared there and restored him both his liberty and his office.

The accounts are unanimous that St. Nicholas died and was buried in his episcopal city of Myra, and by the time of Justinian there was a Basilica built in his honor at Constantinople. When Myra and its great shrine finally passed into the hands of the Saracens, several Italian cities saw this as an opportunity to gain the relics of St. Nicholas for themselves. There was great competition for them between Venice and Bari. The latter won, and the relics were carried off under the noses of the lawful Greek custodians and their Muslim masters, and on May 9, 1087 were safely landed at Bari, a not inappropriate home seeing that Apulia in those days still had Greek colonies. A new church was built to shelter them and Pope Urban II was present at their enshrining... [devotion to St. Nicholas in the West had existed before this, but at this point it took a dramatic upswing.]

It is the image of St. Nicholas more often than any other that is found on Byzantine seals; in the later middle ages nearly four hundred churches were dedicated in his honor in England alone; and he is said to have been represented by Christian artists more frequently than any saint except our Lady. St. Nicholas is venerated as the patron-saint of several classes of people, especially, in the East, of sailors and, in the West, of children. The first of these patronages is probably due to the legend that, during his life-time, he appeared to storm-tossed mariners who invoked his aid off the coast of Lycia, and brought them safely to port.

The legend of the 'three children' gave rise to his patronage of children and various observances, ecclesiastical and secular, connected therewith; such were the boy-bishop and, especially in Germany, Switzerland and the Netherlands, the giving of presents in his name at Christmas time.

SHU.

SUPER HERO UNIVERSITY

* MR. BALLOON HEAD WAS CREATED BY MIKE HICBORN.

