



# THE CABBAGE



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## School Spirit at All-time High

by Tracy Atkins

MLC—Midway through the 2000-2001 basketball season, fans of Martin Luther College are thrilled about the prospect of having another successful cheering season. Over the past five years, there has been a great increase in school spirit; at the start of the 1995 basketball season, the participation was rated at 33 percent, but it has since climbed to an all-time high of 48 percent as the players dribble into the new millennium.

Students, professors, friends, and family are showing great interest in these numbers and are pleased by their turnout. Remarkd one professor, "It's great to see the students and others showing such pride in this school. I love going to the games purely for the spectacle."

When asked by *The Cab-*

*bage* why they are such spirited participants, MLC basketball fans gave varied responses. Several students cited the "ground-breaking cheerleaders" as a big reason for their renewed devotion to school pride. Said one of the newly added male cheerleaders, "I'm so glad MLC and the WELS have finally given males permission to enter a position so traditionally and conservatively perceived as a female one. The recognition of the adiaphora of this issue was truly a blessing for us. We [the males on the squad] are so excited to be sharing in this great activity. Boy are we enthusiastic, H-A-P-P-Y!"

Active participation is on the rise for other reasons as well. The dance team, for one, never fails to please. "I love those outfits—they take me back to my interpretive dance days. I was no Baryshnikov, but I really miss my

old leotard," said Billy Miller. The basketball team members also have their fans. "He's tall," remarked an amazed short person looking at Tom Engelbrecht.

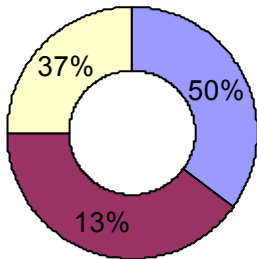
Others come for theatrical reasons. Male cheerleader fan and Junior SPaM tracker Robbie Griffith said, "Yeah, I come to jump up and down on the bleachers, just like that kangaroo. You know, I wish I had a pouch in which to carry my young. I'm also a little depressed that they thought of a new school song. I guess I will now have to give up my lifelong dream of composing a fight song involving fiberglass insulation."

Whatever the reason, the numbers show that Knight Pride is at an all-time high, and the fans of MLC are riding the wave. Martin Luther College is checking into highly touted fan prospects expected to graduate from our WELS high schools in the coming years.

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### Favorite Percentages



**The Cabbage is STILL SEARCHING FOR CONTESTANTS for Survivor!!! Was it really that hard to come up with something? We received only two responses! Come on, you lazy people! We've made it even easier—so please respond. Professors are encouraged to play, too!**



#### HOW DOES THE GAME WORK???

Each week contestants answer one question challenging his/her campus survival skills or any other crap we come up, er...with up which we come... er...anything else we up conjure...er...any crap we think...er...of any crap we think...er...any other thought-provoking matters we throw at you. Unlike "Survivor" on television, contestants will be banished by all *Cabbage* readers, who will vote via [MLCabbage@hotmail.com](mailto:MLCabbage@hotmail.com).

#### HOW DO I BECOME A CONTESTANT???

Just answer the following question: **Who would win in a fight? James Bond, Luke Skywalker, or Hermann the German? Why? (If that's too hard, just tell us what your favorite color is and something that is that color.)** The responses (any length) will be judged by our editors and the best will be chosen to play. Send responses to [MLCabbage@hotmail.com](mailto:MLCabbage@hotmail.com) by next Tuesday.

**PRIZE:** The winner will receive popularity, dates, and an official pre-shrunk cotton *The Cabbage* t-shirt.

**WHO WILL SURVIVE THE ULTIMATE SURVIVAL GAME OF SURVIVING THE SEEMINGLY UNSURVIVABLE???** SURVIVOR!!!

# Scientist Discovers Wrong Way to Eat a Reese's™

## Robertson, Nader Chew out Corporate America

(PB) CAMBRIDGE, MA—Dr. William Robertson's nine years of hard work finally ended Saturday with the announcement that the MIT professor has "pinpointed an incorrect method for consuming a Reese's Peanut Butter Cup."

The study, which began in 1992, had been the subject of much ridicule both at MIT and throughout the scientific community. "Everyone laughed at me. But now look; I may win the Nobel Prize," said Robertson.

Many accused the MIT professor of wasting both his and the school's time and resources, but Robertson continued the struggle. "I guess I can see why nobody thought I could do it. I mean, I was fighting a widely accepted belief concerning peanut butter cups," said Robertson.

Reese's Peanut Butter Cups were first produced by the Hershey Company in the 1920s. The notion that there was no wrong way to eat one went unchallenged until 1956, when Dr. John Stalworth of Valparaiso University sought to discredit the theory. Stalworth failed in his efforts, reconfirming the paradigm which held strong until Robertson's announcement on Saturday.

The news may have huge implications not only for Hershey, but also for other companies utilizing time-honored slogans and catchphrases. A spokesperson for Visa remarked, "What happens if someone discovers that our card is not everywhere you want to be? It's farfetched, but possible." Other companies

raised similar concerns. Allstate Insurance is worried that their hands may be proven to be "ungood." M&Ms have also been under a lot of scrutiny since a fat child in Tennessee reportedly witnessed the failure of the thin candy shell when "one of the new blue ones melted in my hand, not in my mouth."

Robertson's discovery of a wrong way to eat a Reese's when the company has so explicitly denied such a possibility has prompted consumer-advocate Ralph Nader to action. "This is another example of corporate America screwing the little guy," said Nader. He also claims that a third major party in government would put an end to such misleading advertising. "Government has gotten so complacent with these large corporations that no one looks out for Mr. and Mrs. Taxpayer. Lobbyists control the two parties. We need another voice. Just last year I found an Ivory Soap bar that was only 99.43 percent pure, but Janet Reno didn't even want to hear about it," said Nader.

In the meanwhile, Dr. Robertson has become the focus of interest at MIT and throughout the science community. "I used to have the eighty-third office on the left of that big hallway we got here, but now I've got the twenty-sixth on the right," boasted Robertson, who also feels vindicated throughout the scientific world. "That bastahd Hawking used to make fun of me. Well, now who's retahaded, wheelchair boy?"

## Library Hours Restored

### Protests, Book-burnings Pay Off

MLC—After two weeks of shortened library hours, school officials surrendered to massive protests and demonstrations. Early this week the college revealed the restored hours to the student body by handing out bookmarks that included the new hours. The library is once again open until midnight everyday except Friday and Saturday.

Returning from Christmas break, students were enraged with the library for shortening the hours by as much as twelve hours. This spurred many rallies led by students carrying signs such as "Give me library or give me death," "Burn the books," and "Free Gandhi!" The rallies proved to be effective when the school released the modified bookmarks and restored the normal hours.

Although pleased with the change, many students are left feeling violated and wary after such radical experimentation with the library hours. "Sure they changed the hours back, but what are they going to try next? Administrators need to remember that we're people too," said one sophomore.

In response to such concerns, Library Director David Gosdeck gave this statement: "We're keeping the hours the way they are. You don't have to tremble in fear, baby."

## Editorial: "I AM CASSANOVA!"

by Billy Miller



I hope everyone reading this is doing great, because I sure am. Last weekend was one of the best weekends I ever had (with the notable exception of the first weekend I ever saw *Star Wars*—my life was forever altered); last weekend I went on an awesome date with the most beautiful girl in my physics group.

Now don't get me wrong, I've been on dates before (well, a date). But this was just pure magic. It's as if the force brought us together to never separate. I felt like Han Solo without my wookiee and she was my Princess Leia without the cinnamon-roll hair and we were on a Millennium Falcon ride without the millennium falcon to the outer regions of the known universe (New Ulm).

Everything went better than expected.

The evening started out perfectly at the chapel rendezvous. Listening to Sarah's beautiful tenor voice made me tingle with anticipation of future opportunities to sing hymns with her. I felt like I was already being drawn in by her deep siren song, but that wasn't even the end of the date. From there we moved to the dinner portion of the evening.

The walk down to Bonanza went great. It was much warmer out than I thought it was going to be, so it was good I brought golashes. And guess what? Sarah has the same shoe size as I do, so she fit into my spare pair. I tell you, this thing is really meant to be.

So we get to Bonanza and have a great conversation. Sarah and I get along so well together. I always thought it would be so much harder to find a person who loved the Backstreet Boys, family reunions, Yoda, small towns, the old hymnal, steak night, oscillating fans, Dragonball Z, Steve Urkel, Romanesque arches, President's Day, convocations, bridge, kazoos, Matlock, and figure skating. It seemed like we talked forever.

"Forever" actually was going on forty-

five minutes, so it was time to call it a night—it was 9:30 by then. So we started home, and Sarah didn't even complain after the bad fall she took climbing the hill. She even understood that I would have helped, but, you know, I didn't have any rubber gloves along in my fannypack, and you just can't be too careful around that much blood. We made it back to the dorm at about 10:15, and boy was I pooped.

I would have walked her back to Manor, but I was just so tired. So we said our goodnights, I scored some major points with the "I'll find you soon by following the blood trail" joke (she's got such a great sense of humor), and I went in the dorm. All the guys were there, wondering why I was out so late. So I told them all about my dream date. Those guys were so jealous!

2 for 1

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